



ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA, U. S. A.

Entered as second-class matter at St. Meinrad, Indiana. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage, Section 1103, Oct. 3, 1917; authorized June 5, 1919.

CONTENTS

THE GRAIL, a popular Eucharistic monthly for the family, national in scope, is edited and published with episcopal approbation.

REV. BENEDICT BROWN, O. S. B., Editor.

REV. EDWARD BERHEIDE, O.S.B., Business Manager.

The price per copy is 25 cents; \$3.00 the year \$5.00 for two years. Canada, 25 cents additional; foreign, 50 cents additional.

Notify us promptly of change of address, and give both the old and new addresses.

Make all checks, drafts,

Editor's Page	403
Sonnets of Holy Quest—(Poem)—D. H. B.	406
Hills of Rest—John M. Cooney	407
The Death of Passion—(Poem)—Oscar H. Bauer.	411
Cardinal O'Connell in the Holy Land—D. L. N. ...	412
At the Sepulchre—(Poem)—Emily C. Adams	412
Under the Blessing of God—A. Schaaf, O. S. B. ...	413
Peace!—(Poem)—Charles J. Quirk, S. J.	415
Something Else—Constance Edgerton	415
Resurrection—Mrs. T. J. Whipple	417
His First Sermon—Mary Clark Jacobs	418
Harriet Beecher Stowe—Maude Gardner	419
No Tomb Had He—(Poem)—P. K.	420
Candle Light—Myrtle Conger	422
The Blessed Virgin and the Benedictine Order ...	424
St. Mary of Egypt—A. C. McK.	426
Reckoning—(Poem)—Nellie C. Magennis	426
Our Lady's First Communion—(Poem)—S. M. T.	426
An April Nocturne—(Poem)—M. E. Henry-Ruffin	430
Children's Corner—Agnes Brown Hering	431
Maid and Mother—Clare Hampton	439

postal and express money orders payable to THE ABBEY PRESS. Do not use or add any other name.

Address all business letters pertaining to subscriptions, change of address, advertising, etc., to THE ABBEY PRESS, St. Meinrad, Indiana.

Subscribers to THE GRAIL are benefactors of St. Meinrad's Abbey. On each day of the year a High Mass is offered up for our benefactors. In November a Requiem is offered up for deceased benefactors.

DONATIONS FOR POOR STUDENTS

We have opened four Scholarships for the benefit of poor young men who are studying for the priesthood at St. Meinrad Seminary. A Scholarship or Burse of \$5,000 is a perpetual fund, the interest of which is sufficient to pay for the board and tuition of one student throughout the entire course of his studies. The capital always remains intact. When one student has completed his course, another can take his place, then a third, and so on indefinitely. Give what you can and when you can.

MOTHER OF GOD SCHOLARSHIP. Previously acknowledged: \$1051.05. Mrs. M. Tonsie, Pa., \$1; J. J. Bouvier, Ind., \$2; M. B. Todt, Ill., \$7.20; Catherine Coyle, R. I., \$1; Eva Lamoureux, Wis., \$1; B. W. Considine, Mich., \$5; Mrs. T. E. Dahill, Minn., \$1; Mrs. J. Dornoff, Wis., \$5; Mrs. K. Scholl, Ky., \$2; Mrs. G. Seward, Kans., \$1; Mrs. H. Wagner, Ind., \$10; Geo. Werbauec, Pa., \$1; R. Sonneck, Minn., \$1; Mrs. Schlesinger, Wis., \$5; Louise Maihofer, Mich., \$5; Mrs. R. Williams, Ill., .60¢; Mrs. J. Jasper, Minn., \$2; M. Binning, N. Y., \$1; Mrs. H. Y. Hollway, Mich., \$2.50; Mrs. M. Krakowka, N. Y., .50¢; Mrs. R. Wonnemann, Md., \$5. Total: \$1110.85.

ST. JOSEPH SCHOLARSHIP. Previously acknowledged: \$1310.25. N. N., Pa., \$5; J. Pfeister, Ky., \$1; M. and K. Schuler, Ky., \$1; Mrs. P. Weet, Pa., \$3. Total: \$1320.25.

ST. BENEDICT SCHOLARSHIP. Previously acknowledged: \$1071.41. K., Ala., \$2. Total: \$1073.41.

ST. ANTHONY SCHOLARSHIP. Previously acknowledged: \$1070.84. Miss M. Verhalen, Wis., \$1; Mrs. T. C. Eschmann, La., \$1; J. M. McCabe, Wis., \$1; Mrs. Th. Meiers, Ind., 70¢; Mrs. B. Eberler, Ill., \$1. Total: \$1075.54.

Address all letters and communications to
THE ABBEY PRESS,
St. Meinrad, Indiana.
c/o REV. EDWARD BERHEIDE, O. S. B.

Grail Building Fund. Previously acknowledged: \$2350.58. Illinois: J. C., \$1; Indiana: A. J. H., \$1; R. L. K., \$5; N. N., \$1.70; Kansas: J. H., \$1; Kentucky: Mrs. W. M., \$1; J. E. M., \$1; Mrs. J. F., \$1; Mrs. B. S., \$1; F. H. F., \$2; Minnesota: Mrs. R. N. S., .50¢; Miss M. Z., \$1; Missouri: R. N., \$1; Mrs. H. T., \$1; N. N., .25¢; Mrs. B. R., \$1; New York: N. N., .50¢; F. K., \$1; Mrs. W. W., \$5; Mrs. J. R., \$1; Mrs. O., \$5; Pennsylvania: Mrs. E. C. W., \$1; C. K., \$5; Mrs. T., \$1; Wisconsin: N. N., \$1; Mrs. A. S., \$1; F. N. S., \$1. Total: \$2393.53.

FOR THE SUFFERERS OF CENTRAL EUROPE

Illinois: M. M. S., \$10; M. T., \$2; L. H., \$1; T. W., \$5; C. S., \$1; M. H., \$5; Indiana: J. E. L., \$10; J. B. G., \$10; Massachusetts: G. L. G., \$5; Michigan: J. G., \$1; A. J., \$5; New York: J. E., \$1; E. K., \$3; M. K., \$2; Pennsylvania: G. N. M., \$5; J. E. F., \$2; N. N., \$3; West Virginia: J. H. E., \$10; Wisconsin: J. F. S., \$5.

N. B. Money with requests for Masses to be offered up by the impoverished and needy priests of central Europe will be gladly forwarded gratis. Address all communications to

ST. MEINRAD'S ABBEY, B. F.,
St. Meinrad, Indiana.

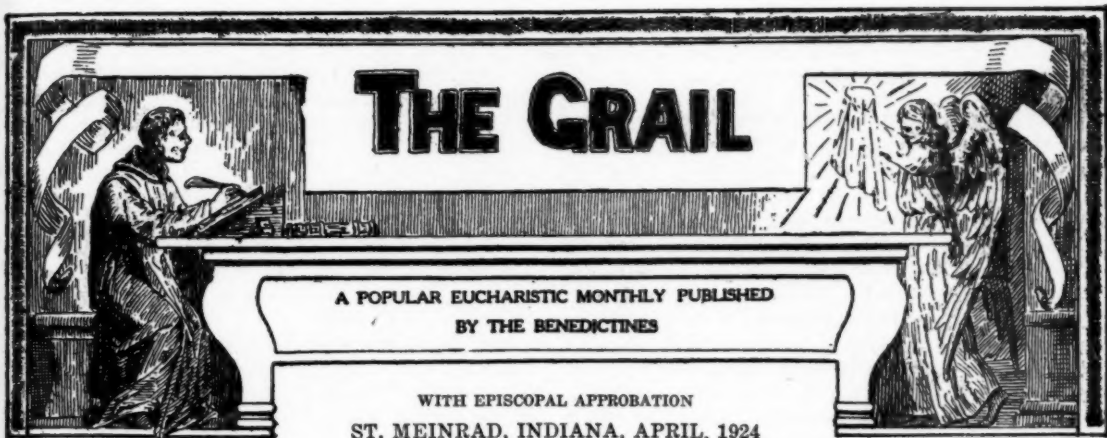
Memory and Hope

G. A. D.

When on my day's horizon
Dark, low'ring clouds arise,
My heart perceives a rainbow
Across the misty skies,
From memory and hope proceeding,
For these two seem to say:
"Tomorrow 'gain is Jesus coming
E'en as He came today."

When waves of grief and sorrow
Surge round me, racked with pain,
There sounds across the waters
A joy inspiring strain,
The voice of Jesus calling,
Whom e'en the waves obey:
"Peace, peace, we'll meet tomorrow,
E'en as we met today."

Then sounds a note of gladness
As from a silvery chime,
That thrills my heart with rapture
Between two points of time,
And causes weary moments
To flit in haste away,—
The hope and sweet remembrance
Of my Communion Day.



Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

Happy Easter!

The April GRAIL should reach its destination in time to convey our best wishes for a happy Easter. May the risen Savior breathe upon you in the sacraments of penance and the Holy Eucharist His "Peace be with you!"

What a happy day Easter was for the Savior when He rose victorious over death. The agony in the garden had pressed great drops of blood through the pores of His sacred body; one of His Apostles had betrayed Him with a kiss; cruel scourges had torn his tender flesh to shreds; sharp thorns had penetrated His head; the heavy cross had repeatedly thrown to the ground His emaciated form, weakened from the loss of blood; a brutal soldiery had rudely stripped Him of the garments that clung so tenaciously to His body, and then nailed Him to the instrument of His death; raised on high, in the bitterest agony He breathed forth His spirit. The sufferings of earth were then over. Changed, He rose glorious from the tomb that had been blocked with a stone and sealed. The tortures of the past few days were then but a memory. O death, where is thy victory! O death, where is thy sting!

His excessive love for us sinful creatures was the motive for enduring His bitter passion and death. Who are we that it required a God to ransom us? We are but the creatures of His hands, and yet our salvation was purchased at the price of the blood of the God-man. What does He require of us in return for this greatest of sacrifices? Our hearts, our love. Can we refuse Him these? The Church imposes upon us the duty of receiving worthily the sacraments within the Easter season, and this she stretches for us to nearly three months so as to give no one a reasonable excuse for not approaching the Holy Table. But many, alas! neglect even this. The fire of love is no longer aglow in their hearts, if it be not entirely extinguished.

Our first duty is, of course, towards ourselves, where well-ordered charity begins. Then we must love our

neighbor as ourselves. Is our love of neighbor worldwide? Does it extend to all men of whatsoever race and color and class? If not, we are not obeying the pronounced will of God. Christ died to save all without exception, yet nearly two-thirds of the human race has not attained to the knowledge of that God who created them and died to save them. Think of the millions of pagans—white and colored—in our own country, and of the many millions in other parts of the world. What are we doing to enlighten them? Possibly we never think of them, nor even so much as breathe a prayer for them.

Many means are offered you of making Christ known among the pagans, as well as among your own fellow men. But one of the simplest means is to be found in the International Eucharistic League for the Union of Christendom, which has a maximum of purpose with a minimum of practice.

The grand threefold purpose of the League is: (1) union and harmony among the Catholics of the whole world; (2) the return to the Church of all non-Catholic Christians; (3) the conversion of all non-Christians, and these latter form the greater part of the human race.

To attain this threefold object members of the League will make a short offering each day of all the Masses and Holy Communion of the whole world, besides an occasional Holy Communion received and Mass attended. What could be simpler yet more effective than the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for bringing about the conversion of the world? Have your name entered at once upon the register as a member and thus add your mite towards winning the world for Christ. The editor of THE GRAIL will be glad to enroll you. There are no fees, dues, or collections, although to help defray current expenses, a small alms is acceptable at the time of admission.

Jesus is always with us. Why are we so seldom with Him?

Lay Activity

That the laity is gradually falling into line in active co-operation with the Church in the attainment of her glorious mission, the salvation of souls, is a gratifying sign of progress in our day. There has been too little of this co-operation in the past, not that zealous and generous souls were wanting, but possibly because of the lack of a prime mover and of organization. There is still much to be done in this respect, for the movement is as yet in its infancy, but even now it is bearing good fruit.

First and foremost is the apostolate of good example, without which all efforts are vain. Those Catholics who do not live up to the precepts of God and of the Church, nor to the dictates of conscience, rightfully deserve the finger of scorn that is pointed at them. It is unfortunate that the injury inflicted by bad example does not fall on them alone, but reflects on the whole Church. They are a disgrace to their fellow Christians. One cannot put religion on and off with his Sunday clothes and during the remainder of the week curse and swear like a trooper, drink to excess, and break the rest of the commandments as he will, without drawing down upon himself the righteous indignation of the God-fearing. Such a man is a scandal to the Church and to the world at large. Charity begins at home. If you would convert your neighbor, begin with yourself. First put your own house in order and then look to the welfare of others. Good example is a more powerful convert-maker than doctrine without deeds. By their fruits you shall know them.

Christian Instruction League

One of the numerous lay activities is the Christian Instruction League, which has branches in many of our larger cities. The League endeavors to interest zealous men and women in the religious instruction especially of children who are deprived of it. Great is the need of this work, for there are about 2,000,000 Catholic children in the United States without religious instruction.

For propagating this good work the Chicago Catholic Instruction League, which has its headquarters at 1076 West Roosevelt Road, has begun the publication of a monthly, *The C. I. L. Messenger*, for furthering the interests of the League. The object of *The Messenger*, as stated in the initial number, is to promote a greater lay activity, religious study clubs, character building, and the religious instruction of children and young people in rural districts. *The Messenger* sponsors a worthy cause. May it attain its lofty end.

To show a single instance of the good work being done by the Christian Instruction League, we present herewith the report of the Milwaukee branch, which during the past year sent out 350 teachers to different centers. Forty children were baptized; 75 children made their first Communion; 489 were confirmed; 175

children were placed in Catholic schools; 30 persons were converted; 1,589 calls were made at homes, and 100 children attended the vacation school held in the Gesu parish. In 1922 this same branch reported 3,000 children instructed by 252 teachers, 75 baptisms, 526 first Communions, 583 confirmations, 350 children placed in Catholic schools, and 45 conversions. The members of the League hold monthly meetings at Marquette University. On Monday evenings of each week the members attend classes in two subjects that bear on C. I. L. work.

Similar to the work of the Christian Instruction League is that which several zealous young women are doing at Fort Thomas, Kentucky. Under the name of the Sacred Heart Christian Doctrine School they seek out neglected children, possibly all of whom are attending the public schools, instruct them, and bring them to the sacraments. Through their zeal they have brought back also a number of careless parents to their duties.

May the good work of a properly conducted lay activity continue, thrive, and prosper under the blessing of God for Whom it is done.

Maid and Mother---Virgo et Mater

Under the title of virgin and mother the Church each day invokes the Blessed Mother of God. To be a mother, yet remain a virgin, was the singular prerogative of the fairest of the daughters of Israel. Mary is the queen of virgins, of mothers the model. The young consecrate to her their virginity; to her, mothers consecrate their motherhood. Mary is the patron of the household as well as of the individual. For this reason we are placing under the patronage of Mary a new department for the household, which we are adding to *THE GRAIL* this month at the request of many readers and which we trust will merit the attention especially of mothers and their daughters. For conducting this new feature we have been fortunate in securing the services of Clare Hampton, whose interesting stories you have all read with pleasure. In complying with this request we hope that we have made our paper more valuable for the majority of our subscribers.

Another feature, one intimately connected with the foregoing, is medical service. Through its Publicity Bureau the Indiana State Medical Association is issuing for the general public welfare a series of valuable papers on the preservation of health and the prevention of disease. *THE GRAIL* gladly lends its voice to assist in imparting this knowledge to such as need it.

The Courteous Salesman

Under the caption, "The Only Policy—A Duty," the following piece of sane advice is given to salesmen in *O'K-Service*, house organ of the John J. O'Keefe subscription agency:

The worker, to be worthy of his hire, should also be worthy of his work; at least in those cases where

his work has to do with anything of a religious nature. Otherwise the fruit of his labor is likely to prove of questionable value.

For this reason, those who engage in the business of Catholic Magazine subscription solicitation should realize very clearly that this work involves more than the mere commercial consideration—dollars and cents. It involves the dignity and to a considerable extent the success of the Catholic Press. Consequently it is a work which imposes upon them a grave responsibility, and no one who is unwilling to discharge this responsibility conscientiously is to be considered a worthy or a desirable representative of the work.

Strict honesty and gentlemanly bearing toward the prospect are essential characteristics of the only sort of salesmanship that is to be tolerated in the Catholic Magazine field. Salesmanship lacking these characteristics is more than worthless; for even a little of it tends to bring discredit upon the work as a whole.

The good accomplished by ninety-nine worthy subscription representatives will pass unnoticed, whereas the misdeeds of one dishonest salesman seldom fail to attract attention and much of it. Nor is this altogether surprising inasmuch as one who is associated with the work of spreading the influence of the Catholic Press is expected, as a matter of course, to maintain a high standard of conduct, especially in the discharge of duty; and when a salesman falls below this standard either by reason of dishonest or discourteous methods of salesmanship, he generally brings not only condemnation upon his own head, but unfortunately suspicion upon all Catholic Magazine salesmen in general. The hundreds of worthy Catholic men and women who make this work their means of livelihood, as well as the cause of the Catholic Press, suffer thereby incalculable harm.

So be worthy of your work, Mr. Salesman, and thus be worthy of your hire. Let nothing tempt you to abuse the confidence that is placed in you as a representative of the Catholic Press. Earn all you can by your industry, but never let considerations of personal gain induce you to forget that to be honest and courteous is the best policy and the only policy for an O'K-Service Salesman.

TIMELY OBSERVATIONS

HILARY DEJEAN, O. S. B.

Morals in High Places

The month which gave birth to Washington and Lincoln, and during which we honor the memory of the two men who represent all that is ideal in American citizenship and partiotic rectitude, this month in 1924 has given rise to a series of disclosures, of accusations,

and scandals in government circles almost without parallel in our history. No one wishes to sit in judgment to condemn either the accusers or the accused. We are on the eve of a presidential campaign, and we know not how much of mere propaganda or how much of truth there is in these disclosures. Yet even this necessity of doubting both sides is a sad condition of affairs. What a contrast to the memories of Washington and Lincoln are these evidences of corruption on one side or the other. It brings us again to wonder, as we must have often wondered, whether in the higher realms of politics there be such a thing as conscience. It is, it seems, the same here as in big business; further your own interests by whatever means, only take heed that you be not caught. Questions of morals never seem to enter their heads. As an example, we have the authority of Josephus Daniels that when the true history of treaties is written, it will be smeared with oil, gasoline, and petroleum. So justice and equity were not chief motives in making these treaties, but national aggrandizement and furtherance of selfish plans.

Happily, however, there must be shining exceptions. Our Lord did not say, "By their words you shall know them," but, "by their fruits." So it behooves us to study the lives and consistent principles of those who announce themselves for public offices. This is no mere privilege; it is a solemn duty. Party principles have vanished. Hereafter we must vote for the man and for the principles which he embodies. And, as one writer so well puts it, he will probably get small support this year who in any way smells of oil. Once you have come in contact with oil, even a little, it is hard to put away the odor of it.

The Battle for Our Schools

The seventh of March of this year sees more than usual solemnity put about the feast of St. Thomas Aquinas in our seminaries and colleges. It is fitting that we celebrate the sexcentenary of the canonization of the great Doctor and patron of schools. And as we pray to our holy patron for the welfare of our schools, we cannot help but look forward to that battle which is preparing on all sides, the battle of the enemy against this most cherished of our institutions, the Catholic school. Here and there signs of the fight have appeared. But its full force is not yet upon us. The enemy, however, is not idle, but is arming himself with every weapon for this coming warfare. The seriousness of the situation cannot be exaggerated. If we lose our schools, we lose our children. And if we lose our children, the future of the Church is seriously endangered.

What are we to do? In the first place, we must wake up to the danger threatening us. Then we must use our citizens' rights at the polls. It is the highest folly to vote blindly for one's party, and not rather for the principles for which the candidate stands. Then we must educate our people, especially our youth, to the truth regarding our schools—the right which the con-

stitution gives us of educating our children in private schools; the laws of God and nature demanding that education in morality ever accompany education in the sciences; and the fearful results that will follow if the doors of our schools are once closed. Finally, as it has been pointed out by a writer in *America*, the coming war will "fundamentally be a war of minds, a war of philosophies, a war of cultures. Ultimately, the only effective weapon in such a war is the printed word, which informs, advises, refutes, persuades, and moves. The coming war then, will be, in the last analysis, a war of books, and pamphlets, and newspapers." He then goes on to show that while, for instance, millions of pages have been written on the history of achievements of the public school, comparatively little has been done in this regard for the Catholic school; and urges that this phase of preparedness be given the attention it deserves on the part of those whose ability and means enable them to render this highly important service.

Vocation Talks

F. NORBERT, O. S. B.

Everyone of us can say from experience that he is always deeply impressed on Palm Sunday when the Church dons her purple of mourning preparatory to the commemoration of our Lord's holy passion and death for the eventful days preceding Easter day. It is at this time that God's grace literally showers into the hearts of His earnest lovers and induces them to undertake great things for His love and for the acquisition of Heaven and its eternal joys.

A GIFT DESIRED BY ALL

Happiness is the ultimate aim of every individual no matter in what field of activities he is engaged. The wage earner, the professional man, the business wizard, all look to the joy and contentment that shall result from their daily toil and endeavor. But how many will you find who will tell you that they have reached the higher rungs in the ladder of success? How many attain to the happiness which satisfies the cravings of the human heart? Few there are, few indeed! The multitudes trudge along and plod the paths trodden by millions before them, leading in the opposite direction. This true and satisfying happiness, or peace of soul, is to be found only in those whose wills and lives are in conformity with the will of God. The religious state is the state of life which by its very nature pre-eminently helps willing souls to conform to this holy will. May many young men be led by the impressive and inspiring ceremonies of Holy Week to embrace a life which, though somewhat difficult, will insure temporal and eternal peace of soul.

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES OF THE RELIGIOUS STATE

We could offer here many rapturous passages which would give you the sentiments that have burst forth from the hearts of religious when speaking of the

happiness they experienced at being consecrated to God in religion. But these lines might seem too special, so we shall content ourselves by giving the words of one of the Church's greatest doctors, St. Bernard, who says: "In the religious state one lives more purely, falls more rarely, rises more quickly, proceeds more cautiously, receives more abundant graces, enjoys more peace, dies with greater confidence, shortens his purgatory, gains a more beautiful crown, which is eternal happiness, satisfying perfectly the human heart."

Sonnets of Holy Quest

II. Gloom in Egypt

DOM HUGH BEVENOT, O. S. B., B. A.

"Infixus sum in limo profundis: et non est substantia.—I stick fast in the mire of the deep: and there is no sure standing."—Ps. 68.

Egyptian timbrel maidens sing and dance,
Soothing Osiris, Father of the Nile,
And win from snake-helmed youths some bow or smile,
Through swift-whirled bracelets giving glance for glance.

The stranger shepherd folk vowed to enhance
Their hid Jehovah,—and all true erstwhile—
Waver in faith, tempted by fragrant guile
Of incense and the festive banquet-chance.

Some would away,—thongs set their flesh a-quiver,
Slave-drivers cry: "Let your Cloud-God deliver!
'Mid mud and crag-wrenched slabs you'll do and dole!"

Thus, thus man's song and cries broke on my youth;
A plaint:—"Whether, where bides a God of truth?"
And o'er the candid child-light clouds 'gan roll.

Good Friday

HILTON HOWELL JONES

Today the shadow
of the Cross falls
upon our hearts,
and again the
Temple's Veil is

rent in twain, the earth is dark; oh
soul of mine, this Man divine, was
crowned with thorns, was crucified,
suffered and died, was mocked, and
scorned that we might be in God
reborn, and inherit
Eternal Faith that
we might live.
Lord, forgive,
when our weaker
flesh forgets and

Crucifies the Master yet, guide Thou
our Souls, our Hearts, our Steps.

Hills of Rest

JOHN M. COONEY

Chapter VII

WHILE all in the big house were sinking into slumber, Danny Lacey was sitting in his cabin, wide awake. He occupied the wooden rocker, the one comfortable chair in his room. This chair he had drawn into the corner, and in it he now leaned back, with his feet extended so as to rest upon a round of the ladder leading to the loft. He had never taken this position before, but then he had never before had a prisoner jailed in the little room above.

"I'm both a jailor and a jailbird now," quoth Danny to himself. "The Lord only knows what I'll be in another twenty-four hours."

He settled himself to sleep, worn out with the work and excitement of the day, and trusting to the position of his feet upon the ladder to make it impossible for Peter to escape from the loft without awakening him,—for it was Peter that was now snoring above, the snores adding to Danny's confidence and somnolence equally. While he sleeps, let us recount what had befallen him since the sun had set.

After his supper that evening, Danny had gone down to the cabin, intending to pack his belongings in preparation for moving them up to his new room in the house. Also he intended to groom himself somewhat and to go up and join the company. He wished first to give them time for those intimate greetings and confidences which are natural to close and warm friends, and in which he could not share as yet, and then to pay his respects as a matter of duty. Danny experienced some pleasure in anticipation of his visit. Vaguely he felt that Philip and Katherine Mitre would engage each other's attention and that, somehow, there was a happy hour ahead of him in the company of that charming Miss Willie Pat. Danny got out his evening clothes and tried them on. He had no intention, of course, of wearing them to the house; but, nevertheless, he put them on as they helped make more real the glowing fancies that filled his mind;—a great ball somewhere, and a grey-eyed partner who fairly floated over the floor with him, and whose every word thrilled and delighted and wonderfully uplifted him. Now, it happened that these evening clothes, so much in keeping with Danny's fancies, served him a much more useful purpose later on in the night; for, while he was putting the finishing touches to his toilet, the door was darkened by the bulky form of the

sheriff of the county, who, as we have already been informed, had come to arrest him. At first, Danny laughed at the sheriff, thinking that someone was playing a joke upon him. When he realized that the officer was in earnest and that the warrant was genuine, he still took the matter lightly as he knew he was not guilty of any offense against the law, and was only in a hurry to get into town to extricate himself from his strange predicament. So he offered no resistance, and asked for no delay, but jumped into the sheriff's car, dressed as he was, and rode away, glad that he had not disturbed the family at all over this latest turn of his fortunes. He sobered down considerably, nevertheless, as he rode into town, when assured by the sheriff that measures to clear him could not possibly be taken that night and that he must spend the night in the county jail. Were it not that the judge was out of town, there might be a possibility; but the judge was down in the city and would not return before the next evening. So Danny was put in jail.

"It's awful warm tonight," remarked the jailer, a pleasant fellow and a good judge of his fellow man. "I'm not going to make you stay in a cell till you are ready to go to bed. You may remain out here in the corridor if you wish to. There's some breeze stirring here."

Danny thanked the kind fellow cordially.

"It is my first time in a house like this," he told the jailer with a smile, "and I don't know just how you treat prisoners, but I am sure you are doing me a favor, and I appreciate it."

"Well," said the jailer, "I want you to do me a favor also. You know I live in this building with my family, but I have been so busy this evening that I have not had time to get my supper. I want to have supper now. You can have the freedom of this corridor. I wish you would look out that end window every once in a while, and, if you see a crowd gathering or anything that looks suspicious to you, just stick your head out the window at the other end and call me. Our rooms are in the wing that runs back that way. I don't look for nothing to be stirring, but you just let me know if anything does, won't you?"

"I certainly will," replied the mystified though grateful Danny.

The jailer went down the stair and locked the door at the foot. Danny took his first look out the end window facing the street. It was a back street, very quiet. For five minutes

Danny gazed about but saw no human being on it. He turned away, intending to see what he could from the window at the other end of the corridor. As he moved toward it, he noticed there were cells along the corridor, four on either side, and all unoccupied, apparently. But not in fact.

"Boss! Boss! Come over by dis do', please st h!" came a pleading voice in a half whisper.

Danny turned back. In one of the middle cells was a negro man of about twenty years. He was gripping the bars of his cell door and looking pleadingly into Danny's eyes.

"Boss, dere's a mob comin' to git me tonight, an' I aint done nuthin'; can't you he'p me git out?"

"Just wait a minute," directed Danny, who went again to the window overlooking the street. There was nothing stirring.

"How do you know there is a mob coming after you?"

"I got word f'm some colo'd friends of mine."

"Does the jailer know it?"

"I tole him, but he don't b'lieve me."

"How did your friends get you word?"

"Dey wrote me a letter."

"That's a slow way of getting ahead of a mob. I shouldn't be afraid if I were you. What have you done?"

"I aint done nuthin', boss; nuthin' 'tall. But dey's a mob comin', I know. It wasn't no letter th'ough de postoffice; they th'owed it up to me f'm de alley behin' dis cell. Here it is."

Danny took the crumpled piece of paper which the frightened negro passed out through the bars, and read:

"They are comin after you tonight. Ef you can git out we can git you away. They are sivin of us."

Danny reflected for a moment. Somehow, he believed this negro, believed he was innocent. He believed a mob was coming. He believed the negro's colored friends were at hand to do what they could to help him.

"Have you shown this note to the jailer?" inquired Danny.

"Naw suh, I aint; it might git my friens in trouble."

"It would convince the jailer that he may expect a mob."

"Can't you git me out, boss? Can't you do nuthin' to git me out?"

"I'm a prisoner myself," replied Danny, smiling. But he sobered quickly. The situation was serious. To have the quiet broken by the fury of a mob, this negro boy murdered, the law trampled under foot, further bloodshed perhaps, and then sorrow and shame in numerous households,—this was all too bad a thing to

permit to happen if it could be prevented. But what could he do? He went to the street window again and looked out anxiously. To his relief, there was not even now a soul in sight; the sputtering arclight showed that plainly enough. It was now about half past nine. Many homes in the drowsy little town were already darkened for sleep, and the streets would soon be quite deserted. The mob, if there were a mob, would soon find its time to do its work and to get out of town and safe home before daylight. Danny was about to go to the rear window to call the jailer when he heard the door at the foot of the stairway unlocked and footsteps coming up. Presently the jailer appeared, followed by Philip Armstrong. Philip stepped forward and grasped Danny's hand.

"I'll leave you here with the gentleman for ten minutes, Mr. Phil," remarked the jailer. Then: "You didn't see any signs of trouble, I reckon?" he inquired of Danny with a pleasant look.

"No," replied Danny, "I have not seen a soul stirring on this street. But, say, you are coming back at the end of ten minutes, aren't you?"

"Yes, I'll be back," replied the jailer, as he went down the steps.

When the jailer had gone, Danny quickly laid before Philip what he conceived to be the situation regarding the expected mob, and urged and conjured him to do what he could to help protect the frightened and dejected Peter in case the mob materialized.

"How about yourself?" asked Philip.

"Oh, I'll be all right."

They were standing near the window at the end of the corridor farthest from the street. This window looked down upon the back yard of the jail. The yard was flanked along the right by a high stone wall separating it from the alley; along the back by a tobacco barn; and along the left by the wing of the jail which was occupied by the jailer and his family. Part of the enclosure was given over to a vegetable garden, the space near the private quarters being occupied by a grass plot, in which stood two apple trees. In the shadow of the trees Danny believed he detected a movement. He called the attention of Philip. Both now perceived the figures of three men. As they peered intently at them, a fourth figure came out of a small patch of corn near the alley wall. Their intense interest was heightened to a point of expectancy when they beheld three more figures moving silently out of the shadow of the tobacco barn to join the four beneath the trees.

"Seven," whispered Danny. "They must be Peter's friends. Watch them close."

The seven were yet standing stock still and silent when the jailer returned. Philip made him a sign to make no noise and, when he had quietly joined them near the window, pointed out the seven silent figures. The jailer plainly showed his alarm.

"By Gerge, it looks like trouble," he whispered.

"Get us out of here," urged Philip, "myself and your two prisoners. Take us over into a room in your house. You can call up the sheriff, and I'll help you keep the prisoners and be on hand to help you slip them away, if later you find that necessary."

"I'll take you all to the house," consented the jailer, "but I'm not going to be in any hurry about letting the prisoners off the premises. Come on right away."

He quickly and quietly opened the negro's cell door and led the way down the stairs. Through a door usually kept locked and bolted, he passed with the oddly assorted group into the house and on through a short hallway to a rear room with two windows giving upon the garden, where still stood the silent seven who were the cause of the jailer's alarm. Here, after locking the door, the jailer's first care was to peer through the window. The dim figures of the seven men were still to be seen beneath the apple trees. The jailer took a pair of handcuffs from his pocket and slipped them over the wrists of the frightened Peter.

"Peep from that window," he ordered, and tell me what you see under the apple trees."

Peter looked.

"Dey's some men out dere," Peter said, unable to suppress a smile of delight.

"How many do you see?" demanded the jailer.

"I kin see seben men," replied Peter.

"Are they your friends?" whispered Danny. "Don't be afraid; tell us."

"Yassuh, dey is," admitted Peter. "How come I know is dat dere big long one. Dat's Runnin' Bob."

"Call Bob over here to the window, but don't make much noise," ordered the jailer.

Peter called out: "Bob, oh Bob, come over here. Bob," he repeated, "slip over here to dis window. It's Peter. Come here quick."

The tallest of the figures slowly and noiselessly approached, the others straggling at a short distance behind him. But suddenly there broke upon the ears of the silent groups on either side the casement, a loud pounding, apparently at the front door of the jail. The negroes started as if to clear the premises. Peter cowered, and begged pitifully for protection. The jailer turned pale.

"Wait for me here," he said, and left quickly for the front door.

Danny spoke up. "Philip," he ordered, "you go with these boys and raise a rumpus of some kind that will draw the mob's attention for a few minutes. That will give the jailer time to get Peter away. Here's the jailer now. What is it jailer? Is it a mob?"

"Not yet," replied the jailer. "There were only four men demanding that I give them the keys of the jail. I refused, and they said they would bring the rest along and break it. They'll be here in a minute, no doubt."

"I'll hold them off a while," cried Danny. "Come and stand outside the door with me. I'll talk to them. Come on."

The jailer went with Danny, fastening the room door after him. He unlocked the front door, and stood outside. The mob was coming. Quiet and determined, they were advancing from the left, perhaps seventy-five men in all, and all unmasked. When in front of the jail they halted, and for a moment they hesitated, still in the street, no one venturing to step upon the sidewalk first. Danny stepped forward. In his full dress, tall, straight and commanding, he impressed the crowd before he spoke. He held up his hand for silence.

"How many of you men want to be carried away from here, dead?" he demanded, in a pointed but practical tone.

Silence from the mob was his only reply.

"Does anyone here wish to be taken home to his wife and children a corpse? If so, where is he?"

There was some muttering among the crowd, but no articulate reply.

"How many of you men are murderers, I say?"

A pause.

"Well, it is as I know. None of you are murderers yet. Do you want to go away from here, every one of you a murderer, and some of you most certainly dead? Now, listen to me. As Governor of this State, I am here to enforce the laws of the State against you if you do not obey them!"

"Governor, h—l!" roared a voice from the crowd. "He's a d—d jailbird himself!"

This disconcerting remark was no bigger a surprise to Danny than was the familiarity of the voice that bellowed it. Looking quickly in the direction of the voice, he recognized Johnson, and, not far behind Johnson, on the sidewalk across the street, the sheriff who had arrested him. Danny was quick to recognize the fact that it began to look bad for him and for his gubernatorial speech. But Danny had been an athlete and a debater in college, and the cool-

ness there acquired stood by him now. "If that man speaks again, I'll order the sheriff to put him under arrest on a charge of sedition. Mr. Sheriff, you know me personally. I command you to step forward and take your place with the jailer here, and to answer the questions I shall put to you for the enlightenment and satisfaction of this gathering of indignant citizens. Mr. Sheriff, come forward!"

The sheriff, puzzled beyond words, advanced and stood by the jailer. The crowd did not know what to expect, but none of them believed at all that Danny was a prisoner, and most of them thought they were face to face with the Governor of the State. In his fine attire, he certainly looked the part. There was a growing impatience among them, but still enough curiosity to hold them in restraint. Danny played upon this curiosity.

"Remain where you are," he ordered the crowd. "Remain where you are for five minutes longer. The sheriff — —"

At this moment a volley of firearms was heard, seemingly about two town-squares to the rear of the mob. The crowd turned to look, and saw the sky above lighted as if by flames.

"They've got soldiers after us," shouted a voice.

"Get the d——d nigger before the soldiers reach here," roared another.

Danny raised his hand and for another moment held the crowd, which was now swaying, hesitating.

"I'll send an order to the military at once to cease firing," he cried. "The sheriff will deliver it. Then, before you break the law, and before the law breaks your bones, leave this town at once and go peaceably to your homes!"

Danny quickly scribbled something upon a piece of paper handed him by the jailer, and the sheriff, to whom the jailer had been whispering, stepped up to receive it.

"Swear me in as a deputy," whispered Danny hastily to him, "and I'll get the prisoner away to safe-keeping while you are gone. I'll report to you tomorrow."

The sheriff readily whispered the oath while Danny completed his writing and held up his hand to swear. The crowd mistook the movement for attention. But Johnson called out again:

"That d——d fraud is not the Governor! He is making fools of you all!"

Another hothead yelled: "Get the nigger!"

But the firing was heard again as the sheriff rushed off, and many wavered. Perhaps a score of the angriest and most determined had the courage to rush to break into the jail.

"Get inside, quick!" Danny urged the jailer.

They pushed inside and locked the door behind them just in time to escape the attack.

"Offer them the key," Danny commanded; but the jailer hesitated.

"It will be all right," assured Danny. "I'll be gone with the prisoner before they can get in. Offer it quickly before they go around behind. I want to get out that way."

Danny hurried away. He found the room door locked.

"Quick! Give me the key to this room before you admit them!" he cried to the jailer. The key was passed, and Danny was soon in the room and locking the door behind him. He heard the jailer unlocking the door at the foot of the stairway, then the rumble of the crowd upstairs.

"Peter!" he called, "Peter!" But there was no response. The room was deserted. Had the negro escaped? Philip and the seven negroes could have taken him away; but by himself and unaided he could not have climbed the high stone wall with his hands manacled. He must, therefore, be somewhere in the yard. Danny stole quietly through the window. He passed under the apple trees, moving toward the tobacco barn at the rear, calling in a whisper: "Peter! Peter!" Now he was moving along the side of the barn, going toward the high wall by the alley. "Peter! Peter!" he kept repeating.

"Here I is, boss, in de barn," he heard Peter's voice in a muffled tone.

"How did you get in there?" inquired Danny. "Tell me quickly."

"Dere's a loose plank in de wall over dere near de end o' de barn by dat stone wall. Dat's where I got in."

Danny started swiftly toward the stone wall, but was detected almost immediately by some of the searchers in the jail.

"There he is!" cried a voice from an upstairs window overlooking the yard. "Come on quick! Everybody!"

The uproar of the mad rush through the corridor and down the stairs was painfully audible to Danny as he swung the loose end of the plank aside and slipped into the barn.

"Peter," he called quietly, "don't you so much as breathe. They saw me and are coming."

Now they were in the yard, every shadowy nook of which was quickly overrun.

"He's got out!" cried the same voice that had at first sounded the alarm. "Over the wall, quick! He was running for the wall when I saw him."

One helping the other, they were soon over the wall and rapidly searching the alley outside.

"Peter," ordered Danny, "come here quickly."

They passed silently out by swinging aside the loose plank, and, keeping in the shadows as they crossed the yard, reentered through the open window. Very quietly Danny turned the key in the door leading to the corridor, and peeped out. He saw the jailer coming quietly toward him and silently admitted him.

"They are gone," he told the jailer. "The thing to do is to let me take this prisoner and keep him over night, for that crowd will be back. Slip off his handcuffs so that we can get away unsuspected. You heard the sheriff swear me in as deputy, didn't you? Quick! Don't hesitate!"

"How about your clothes?" asked the jailer as he released Peter's manacled wrists. "Anybody would recognize you in that outfit."

"I'll have to take the chance. We'll slip down to Riney Run and go along the creek till out in the country."

They were passing out the front door now. There was but one person in sight, and he was standing beneath a tree across the street. When Danny and his charge had gone about ten steps from the door, the figure started toward them. Peter attempted to break and run. Danny realized that to do so would be futile. He slowed his pace, and their pursuer joined them.

"Where are you going, Governor, with that nigger? Birds of a feather, eh?"

Danny recognized Johnson. He had an overmastering desire and impulse to try how hard he could knock Johnson sprawling. A swinging blow to the lower jaw or to the tip of the chin, he recalled, would do the work. Without a word Danny drew himself taut into position, and then, putting every ounce of energy in his body behind the blow, swung his fist to Johnson's jaw. Johnson dropped like a dog, and lay where he fell.

"By George, that is a good punch for an emergency," remarked Danny to himself.

"Come on, Peter."

But another figure came up now, advancing along the sidewalk from the direction of the jail, and Danny, to his great pleasure recognized Philip Armstrong. Their greeting was cordial but hasty, and they quickly arranged for Philip to take the negro boy in charge and for Danny to remain behind a moment to make sure that Johnson was not seriously hurt before leaving him, and then to meet at the bridge on the Riney Run pike, Philip to take the creek route with his charge and Danny to follow out the road.

It turned out, fortunately, that Johnson was not dangerously injured,—indeed, he was able

after a few moments to walk away alone and to make Danny some pretty promises of revenge, to which Danny gave the attention they merited.

As it turned out, neither Danny nor Philip met a single soul on their way from town to the bridge.

"Well, Danny," said Philip when they met, "tell us all about it."

"No," refused Danny, "tell me first what you and that bunch of Peter's friends did."

"Well, you heard the firing, did you? That is all we did. When we left the jail, we could see that fire starting. I don't know what caused the fire, but I thought that would be the place to stir up some excitement as a counter-attraction. We went back into an alley not more than half a square from the fire, and, when the crowd had gathered pretty well, I told the negroes to fire their pistols into the air, and then to scatter out and to gather again at the intersection of two alleys in another direction from the burning stable. Then they fired off another volley or two and separated again. There were lots of town negroes at the fire, and no one could tell Peter's bunch from the others, especially as I told them to keep near, but not close, together."

Danny did not tell Philip the particulars of the events in which he had been closely concerned. He informed him only that he was now a deputy sheriff with the custodianship of Peter, and of his plan to return him to the sheriff on the train next morning, or to take him to the city for safe-keeping. Philip might telephone the sheriff from the house very early next morning to ascertain whether or not the jailer had got the arrangement through. And so it was that Philip returned late, contrary to his promise to Willie Pat, and so it was that Danny was again peacefully asleep in his chair and in the room from which he had been taken only a few hours before.

(To be continued)

Oh, what unfathomable sweetness there is in Jesus.—Faber.

The Death of Passion

OSCAR H. BAUER

Do not toll for Passion dead;
Ring the bells of joy instead.
Grant him ne'er e'en maimed rite;
Naught be sacrificed.
Cast him into darkest night.
Let the wolves tear brawn and bone.
Then, to His longed-for, hearted throne
Gently usher Christ.

Cardinal O'Connell in the Holy Land

DOM LAMBERT NOLLE, O. S. B.

LET it be understood from the beginning that the coming of His Eminence to Palestine had no political purpose, and that he did not come here as a great dignitary of the Church, but as a pilgrim to the holy places. At his landing at Haifa, the northern port, he was welcomed in the name of the Patriarch by the Vicar General. He drove by motor to Nazareth, first along the valley of the Kisson, having on his right Mount Carmel, and on his left the mountains of Galilee. Leaving the river, the road turns east, and crossing several hills and valleys, leads to Nazareth, which is so hidden in its quiet nook that it can only be perceived when its first houses are reached. His Eminence was the guest of the Franciscan Fathers in their "Casa Nova." The following morning he had the joy of saying Mass in the grotto of the Annunciation, and thus one of his longings for many years was satisfied. On the same day he drove east to get from the heights near Tiberias a glance of the Lake of Genesareth, in the afternoon he motored through the plane of Esdraelon, passing on his way Mount Tabor and Naim, then through the mountains of Samaria. At Nablus, the old Sichem, he was, amongst others, saluted by the High Priest of the Samaritans, whose flock has dwindled to a few hundred, but who still offers annually the Paschal Lamb under the ruins of the old temple on Mount Garizim, towering over the town.

Arriving in Jerusalem at the Jaffa Gate he descended, insisting on entering the old part of the Holy City on foot. He went to the Latin Patriarchate where he received the kind hospitality of the Latin Patriarch, His Beatitude Mgr. Barlassina. At the wish of the Holy Father the latter invested His Eminence with the insignia of the Grand Cross of the Order of the Holy Sepulchre. On Thursday morning he motored to Bethlehem, where he said Mass in the sacred grotto. On his return he paid a short visit to the Patriarchal Seminary at Beitgiala, conducted by the Benedictines of the Beuron Congregation, where he was saluted with the "Ecce Sacerdos," a short poem of welcome, and the "Laudes Hincmari." In return he spoke some kind and encouraging words. The same afternoon His Eminence held a reception in the throne room of the Patriarchate, where he was greeted by the representatives of the Government, the Consuls of different nations, the

heads of the separated Eastern Churches, the American Colony, the heads of the Catholic Institutions, and other notables.

On Friday His Eminence said Mass on Calvary, the third spot he had been looking forward to, and in the course of the day he saw a number of other Sanctuaries of Our Lord and his saints. The last Mass in Jerusalem he said in the Co-Cathedral adjoining the Patriarchate on Saturday morning, after which he motored in the company of the Patriarch to Haifa. The visit of the first Cardinal from the United States to Palestine roused the interest of all classes. It was favoured by cheerful weather, and the country looked well, for the verdure had just reappeared in consequence of the plentiful showers and some warm days. We hope that the pilgrimage will leave as lasting and happy memories in the minds of His Eminence and his companions as are those in the hearts of the Catholics of Palestine.

At the Sepulchre

EMILY CAMPELL ADAMS

A sorrowful moon hung waning and low
In the garden, the garden—

We guided our steps by its feeble glow
Through the narrow paths to the tomb.

The cypresses sad had wept their fill,
And the jasmine-stars hung heavy and chill,
And the lilies He loved lay pale and still
In the garden amid the gloom.

But the star of the dawn shone clear and white
O'er the garden, the garden,

And it pointed us on with its finger of light
To the weight of the displaced stone.

For we found the Sepulchre gaping wide,
And swept by the winds of the morning tide—
The dank grave clothes tossed aside,
As a wrack of leaves is blown.

And the phantom mists made haste and fled
From the garden, the garden;

We had sought the living amid the dead
In the garden where we had wept.

At last a Shape (gigantic and gray
And sullen as Death) fled grimly away
And left us the star of the rising day
And the sun that upward crept.

O the marvel! the flush of that dawn revealed
In the garden, the garden!

O the mystery of that tomb unsealed!
In the dewy, luminous air;

For Life from Death, and Life in God,
Had stepped from the grave to the thrilling sod—
And we kissed the flowers His sweet feet trod
In the garden solemn and fair.

Under the Blessing of God

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

"**H**OW is business, Mr. Creamer?" asked Father Gilbert teasingly as he entered the former's shop.

"Not very thriving, Father. No matter how hard I labor, I am far from finding a gold mine. My friend across the way needs but raise his hand and a dollar is made, while I have to drudge and slave without any visible results. I seem to be lacking in something."

"Your friend may have some kind of patent, or business secret that he does not divulge."

"I don't know. I am simply at a loss to explain it. But one thing is sure, he hasn't a monopoly on plans and methods, for I have plenty of my own."

"Well, that proves that brain and brawn alone do not count for anything. There is still another factor that must enter the work."

"What is that?"

"God's blessing, of course. The proverb says: 'The blessing of the Lord maketh men rich.' And the psalmist tells us: 'Unless the Lord build the house they labor in vain that build it; unless the Lord keep the city he watcheth in vain that keepeth it.' 'Neither he that planteth is anything nor he that watereth, but God that giveth the increase.' We must indeed work, but after we have done that we must put our trust in God and make ourselves worthy of His blessing."

"It seems that I haven't that blessing."

"That conclusion does not follow necessarily. Success is to be measured not solely, nor even chiefly, by the temporal results achieved but principally by the fruits laid by for eternity. However, your remark that something is wanting recalls to my mind a certain prominent and learned man of France of the last century, the pious Joachim Barrande, the instructor of the French prince, Count de Chambord. Whenever this man was unable to hear Mass he was wont to say: 'I have missed something to-day.' It appeared to him that on that day something was constantly hampering him. So also the famous German surgeon, Dr. Nussbaum,

of Munich, 'missed something' throughout the whole of that day on which he was prevented from attending Mass. It was, therefore, only sickness and the most urgent duties that could keep him from hearing his daily Mass. But whenever he had any difficult operation to perform, nothing in the world could induce him to forego his Mass in the morning. Most of his operations then, proved successful. God evidently guided his hand. Another servant of God called the day that was not spiced with Mass and Communion 'a soup without salt.'

"According to a legend, King Ith of Ireland possessed a ring of fabulous value. Whatever he touched with it was turned to gold. This ring made him unconquerable in battle and preserved him from illness, not however from misfortune which was in turn changed to a tenfold blessing so that the king rejoiced whenever he met with an adversity. As soon as he lost the ring all prosperity fled from him and a frightful death seemed to threaten him. Hence he never laid the ring aside and had a higher regard for it than for his whole kingdom. Now this ring is also in the possession of the Catholic Church. It is the Eucharistic ring of good luck. By it she is victor in every struggle so that every persecution brings her a tenfold blessing and prosperity. Whatever she touches with this ring becomes holy, sacred, and replete with divine favor and richer than all gold. Take from her all her other belongings and with this ring alone she is rich. The ring is given also to us through the holy Sacrifice of the Mass and Holy Communion. By keeping in touch with this ring—by wearing it constantly, so to say—we change everything into heavenly gold: all our labors, privations, trials, sufferings, even such things as unfavorable weather or epidemics, sanctified by this ring and borne out of love for it, will become of inestimable value for heaven. Every possible misfortune will thus redound to our blessing and that too even beyond all calculation."



THE PLEADING VICTIM

"I see, Father, you wish to insinuate that I should go to Mass every morning. How can you expect that of one who has so much work on hand?"

"Well, maybe you can go and maybe you cannot. You are not in another man's employ. You are your own boss. Possibly you could arrange to attend an early Mass occasionally before your work. If with the best of will you cannot do even that, you can surely unite yourself in spirit with all the Masses celebrated throughout the world. St. Louis, king of France, was a busy man yet he found time to hear Mass every day. Daniel O'Connell, the liberator of Ireland, was a busy man yet he attended Mass daily in some obscure church of London and especially when he was to deliver one of his great parliamentary speeches. Antoine Ozanam, the saintly founder of the St. Vincent de Paul society, was a busy man, yet he acted on the principle that the best way to *save* time was to *lose* a half hour every morning in hearing holy Mass. Garcia Morena, the murdered president of the republic of Ecuador, was a busy man, yet he gladly made it a point to go to Mass each day. Napoleon. I visited a boarding school in Ecouen one day. He was shown the order of the day according to which the students were to attend Mass on Sundays and Thursdays. He then wrote on the margin, 'Every day.' Anna Catherine Emmerick tells us that, while at labor in the field, her father on hearing the church bell ring for Mass was wont to remove his hat and say: 'Now let us hear the whole Mass.' During the work then he would remind her of the Mass: 'At present the priest is at the *Gloria*, now at the *Sanctus*,' etc. It is for this very reason, that Catholics may imitate this pious man, that in many localities the tower bell is rung at the gospel and at the elevation."

"When I am alone, Father, I always take off my hat when the elevation bell rings."

"Very well. But I hope this is not a meaningless practice with you. You ought to ask in a special manner for the blessings of the Mass. I should like to impress upon you once more what the Mass really means to us. The pious Father Cochem says in his excellent *Explanation of the Mass*: 'If it were to rain gold, would you not abandon your work and your place of business and hasten into the street to gather this gold? Were you to prefer the continuation of your work to the collecting of the gold, would you not rightly be looked upon as stupid and be ridiculed by all men as a fool? But now it is certain that at every Mass gold, not of earth, but the gold of heaven, is rained down in abundance from on high and each one is free

to appropriate as much of it as he pleases. Would you know what sort of gold it is that is poured down during Mass, then listen and marvel. It is the shower of increased graces, merits, virtues, and celestial glory; it is the shower of heavenly consolation and devotion, of a divine blessing resting on our earthly belongings, of forgiveness of venial sins, of remission of many temporal punishments, of participation in the merits of Christ; yes it is the shower of blessing and salvation, of grace and mercy. Is not this all pure gold? If then on a week day you miss a Mass which you could attend with a little exertion and at the cost of a small sacrifice, you commit a greater folly than he who would refuse to leave his work in order to pick up the gold flooded down by this rain."

"Hence it stands to reason that the most excellent work a layman can do is to hear Mass. 'Place together,' says Gaume, 'the merits of the ever Blessed Virgin Mary, the adoration of the angels, the labors of the apostles, the sufferings of the martyrs, the austerities of the anchorites, the purity of the virgins, the virtues of the confessors, in a word, the good works of all the saints from the beginning to the end of the world, add thereto in imagination the merits of the saints of a thousand worlds more perfect than ours: it is of faith that you will not have the value of a single Mass.' Why even Protestants at times show their appreciation of the Mass."

"I have never seen any that did."

"Here is an instance. A Catholic woman relates that she had a Protestant hired girl who was fond of reading especially on Sunday afternoons. A book on the Mass happened to fall into her hands. After reading the work, she remarked: 'If this is true what Catholics believe and say about the Mass, then, I am surprised that they do not attend every day.' Since that time the girl often told her mistress: 'I am trying to help you get to your church. I know if you don't go today everything is going to be wrong.' What a hint to many Catholics who with just a little exertion could often get to Mass on week days."

"Of course no one will deny the great value of the Mass. But, Father, you don't mean to say that it is only those who often go to Mass that are blessed. Many non-Catholics, who of course never hear Mass, are often much more prosperous than Catholics who attend Mass at least sometimes."

"Appearances sometimes deceive. God's blessing is entirely for eternity, but examples are often so striking, even from a temporal point of view, that we cannot help drawing

evident conclusions therefrom. According to newspaper accounts a Swiss mountain village near Sargans, fifty miles from Zurich, was destroyed only a few months ago by an avalanche that slipped down the mountain side on Christmas eve. All the villagers were attending midnight Mass at the time, except one who was too weak to leave home. This unfortunate man was the only one that perished. Some years ago a priest wrote to the *Katholisches Volksblatt*, of Mainz, saying: 'One of my parishioners was a rich farmer with a very large family. Every day from four to eight members of this family attended Mass in the church a mile distant. Even during the seasons when the work was the most urgent, at least two representatives of this house were always at Mass. In spite of this loss of time the income of this farmer grew remarkably. All his children were pious and four entered religious orders. The father died at the ripe old age of almost ninety years. The nearest neighbor was likewise well-to-do, but he had only two children. In his house no one should eat his bread unearned, not even on Sundays, was the maxim followed. There was, of course, no question of hearing Mass on week days. Not only did he not prosper but a few years ago he lost all his property. Not being able to meet his obligations, he had to see it disappear under the hammer at a mortgage foreclosure sale. Further disgrace was brought upon him by his son, who forged some notes and then escaped to America. Today this old man is an object of charity in an asylum for the poor.' Think this matter over and draw your own conclusions. Possibly you might arrange to attend Mass daily at least during the remainder of Lent, which is now drawing to a close. A little more piety in this penitential season will not do any harm."

When one gives good advice, he is gratified to see it acted upon. As Father Gilbert came out of the sacristy the following morning to offer up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, he was pleased to note that among the worshipers present was the merchant he had urged to attend. He no longer complains of lack of time for daily Mass but calls it a golden half hour. Nor has he experienced, as he erroneously presupposed he should, any material loss by the time spent at daily Mass.

Peace!

CHARLES J. QUIRK, S. J.

Give me Thy sorrow, sorrow, Lord,
Sorrow without surcease!

For I should bear what Thou didst bear:
Thy sorrow is my peace!

Something Else

CONSTANCE EDGERTON

ROSITA Romera knelt by her bed, which was also mine, at the Irish Inn in Devil's Neck. She was under my chaperonage while she made a few unnecessary purchases to complete her trousseau. She was preparing to marry Ramon Martinez.

The wedding dance had been advertised, as is the custom of the southern country, and in the same advertisement was listed the *Donas* of the bride: A chest of linen, one of silver and one of candles, twelve cows, one hundred sheep, forty horses, and so on down the page, for her family was a royal one, and counted themselves the aristocracy of new Spain.

Twelve miles out from the Neck they lived in a valley made by the Spanish Peaks and the Sangre de Cristos. The ridges rise to the deep blue of the New Mexican sky. Along these same ridges grow scrub pines that have stood against time since the first Navajo saw the light of their silences. A mountain stream, the Gila, crossed their fourteen thousand acres.

The Romera casa is twenty rooms, with a chapel attached. This chapel was built by the brown-robed Franciscans three hundred years ago. Twenty adobes near by shelter the peons. Rosita is an only child. Her mother is a widow, as is the grandmother and great grandmother. Some ten far-cousins make their home within the spacious casa.

"Rosita," I said, when she had prayed quite twenty minutes and my curiosity was gnawing me, "what are you praying for?"

"Phil Kearney," she answered calmly.

"Why?"

"That I may forget him. Great Grandma says he is an impostor, as are you, and all other Americans. She chose Ramon for me. He is a fat stupid. Ah! He is middle aged—thirty. And I do not love him. I have everything else but love, and I pray for that. Ramon wants my money. He gambles much. Ah! Señorita, would that you could help me."

I said my own lightning-like prayers and hopped into bed. Rosita was not in a hurry. Slowly she combed out her blue black hair and spoke:

"When I came back from the convent school in Walsenberg last year and insisted on doing welfare work in the mines, it was to be near Phil Kearney. He told me he wished to marry me, and asked me to wait until he had enough saved to buy a stove, a barrel of flour, and a few pounds of steak. I care much for Phil and I would enjoy poverty with him."

Phil is Father Kearney's nephew, and a chemist in the Golden Guinea Mine. I could picture him as he told her to wait. He is above wheeling of any sort. Dear Phil. A lovable lad. Podgy Ramon Martinez, who allowed a great grandmother to choose a wife for him, should be taught modern methods of lovefare.

"Come to bed, Rosita," I urged, "and pray to St. Anthony to find the right path for you. It seems too bad for Ramon. The wedding dance is published."

"I was not consulted about it," she said as she turned out the light.

"Mama, grandma, and grandmama decided he was my future husband. He had been serenading in the patio beneath my window and keeping the family awake. Grandma arranged everything, settlements, date, and even my gown."

Next morning I told her my head was bothering me—which it was—and she must teach for me. As soon as she started for school, I went over to the mine, to Phil. He was Indianlike in his gratitude, emitting many soulful and appreciative grunts. However, I like Phil and he knew I was his friend.

That night he came to the Inn and displayed great surprise at finding Rosita there—not too much to ask her to take a walk. Out across the desert sands they went. The moon rose, swollen to red, and it made a lake in the midst of its own light. A wonderful night. No wind. Presently three figures came toward the Inn—Phil, Rosita, Father Kearney. Phil had taken her home, to Father's. We sat on the moon-flooded porch trying to find a way. The solution was that I go out to the ranch next day and reason with mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother.

True to form I arrived. Great-grandmother Arbolla met me on the wide porch and screeched at me: "Gringo! Americana! Ladrona! Ladrona! No puede entre este casa!" She was purple, wildly gesticulating. Grandmother Pasquale de Romera led her away, leaving the mother of Rosita, who accused me of stealing her child, being a heretic, vile, treacherous, as were all Americans. She blamed herself for having opened her doors to me. Royalty stooping to the gutter.

Reason with her? Impossible. I was defeated, ready to depart ingloriously, when Señora Arbolla returned. She was calm and spoke in English: "Bring to me this Americano. Bring also my dear Rosita who is for me named."

Poor Phil. He almost let go of life when I delivered that message to him, but wasn't he a Kearney, direct descendant of his namesake,

who fills many a page of history? He braced himself.

He was, as I have said, a lovable lad, open-faced, clear-eyed, of a ready smile, and well-mannered. The ladies of the ranch were so charmed with him they would not allow him to return to the Neck but installed him in the guest-wing and gave him a servant, Ricardo, who knew not what to make of his new master, for Phil cleaned his own shoes and drew his own bath.

The family desired Phil marry Rosita immediately, and Grandma Arbolla explained minutely how they wanted it done. Grandma Pasquale de Romera also offered advice. Rosita's mother listened dutifully and religiously and when her turn to speak came, she was profuse in her suggestions.

Rosita's manner seemed to tell them that whatever they decided was all right. Worn to weariness with their plans, they rested for a few days, giving Rosita time to see Father Kearney. And home she drove her racy little car and smilingly apprised her women folks Father Kearney, *el tio de Phil*, would read the wedding Mass. Grandma Arbolla liked that, Phil's uncle, a Padre.

Father married them in their own chapel amid all the far-cousins, godmothers, retainers, and quite a few from the mines.

Grandma Arbolla sent them to new Orleans, defraying all expense, with terse instructions to buy from the Carmelites two altar cloths of exquisite workmanship. These she gave to Father for his poor little church.

Phil is ranch manager. Rides about on a prancing horse and asks old Pablo to show him a potato stalk, a field of buckwheat, a Jersey, a Holstein. And he is quick to learn. He stopped at my school and modestly informed me he knows all about pruning. Pablo taught him. I got out often. All the Grandmamas make me welcome.

"Dear Phil," said Father to me the other day as we sat on his porch, "has a surfeit of religion out there. An hour in the Chapel of San Antonio every morning with Grandma Arbolla, the spry little lady; half an hour at noon with Señora Pasquale, and evening prayers two hours with the family." He paused and looked out across the sands. Coming from the gray distance of rocky hills was a long, rangy, roan horse. "That is Phil," said Father softly. "What a fine rider he is!"

"What do you think?" greeted Phil. "Ramon Martinez is going to marry Dolores Conchica, Grandmama's third cousin's daughter. She lives with us. He wanted her all the time but Grandmama told her she must learn to embroider."

er before she could marry, and offered him Rosita. Funny world. What?"

Resurrection

MRS. J. T. WHIPPLE

"Now God hath both raised up the Lord, and will raise us up also by His power."—I Cor. 5:14.

The great temporal punishment threatened by God and inflicted by Him on sinful man is the curse of death. "But of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat. For in what day soever thou shalt eat of it, thou shalt die the death."—Gen. 2:17. Man was fairly warned, but, succumbing to temptation, he paid the frightful penalty and will continue to pay it until time shall be no more.

Death is a sad sight, even to those who have not felt the chill of its icy fingers as it clutched the warm beating heart of a loved one, but to those who have stood by and helplessly watched the invader as he claimed as prey a near and dear one,—an idolized child, a devoted, loving parent, husband, wife, or friend, it is the most torturing experience known to the heart that is devoid of religion. In the agony of those hours of bereavement we witness the crucifixion of love, the burial of hope, and the crumbling of faith in things mortal,—and were it not for the hope of resurrection from the dead, held out to us by the Word of God, many would be tempted to terminate their existence here with the passing of the beloved one. Christ Himself was profoundly moved at the sight of death. We know of His compassion for the widow following the bier of her only son; and it is recorded that he "wept" at the tomb of Lazarus. But more staggering than the terror of the dread sentence of death, is the joy of the promise made by the great Giver of Life of a day to come, when, speaking to the dust that once was you or I, He will clothe with flesh and form in vigor and freshness, to die no more, the spirits of those who have been faithful to Him.

To console us further for the pangs of death and separation, Jesus, Our Lord, feeds us with the "Bread of Life," which is no other than His own risen, glorified body. The Eucharist is the conqueror of the greatest enemy of the body—death. Through its worthy reception our very bodies are here and now being fitted for a glorious resurrection, and so marvelous are the effects of the "Bread of Life" on the body, even while under condemnation for sin, that in many cases the flesh of God's saints delays and defies corruption. This is the "Sacrament of

Life" which "will reform the body of our lowliness, made like to the body of his glory, according to the operation whereby also he is able to subdue all things unto himself."—Phil. 3:21.

To conquer the great enemy, death, and to render it powerless over both soul and body was one of Christ's reasons for instituting the Eucharist. That is why the pledge of resurrection is bound up in the promise of its institution. "He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, hath everlasting life: and I will raise him up in the last day."—John 6:55. We swallow down death once, but daily we may take into our mortal bodies in the form of nourishment Him who is the Resurrection and Life itself. Is this not to perpetuate Easter.

Who, incorporated with the risen and immortal Saviour, Jesus Christ, fears death? Can we not with St. Paul exclaim: "O death, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting?"—Cor. 15:55. We do but pass through death to life. It is but to close one's eyes in sweet sleep to awaken in paradise, there to wait a little while when He that is to come will surely come and call our mortal remains forth from the tomb to join our celestial spirits. "Behold I make all things new." The old, corrupt, and, in most cases, utterly disintegrated body shall stand forth a new creature in Christ, beautiful, radiant, pulsating with joy on that final great resurrection day.

Shortly before He was led to death Christ instituted the Holy Eucharist, which was to endow our souls with immortality. Not only was He thinking of His own death, which was about to take place, and of the resurrection that was to follow, but He was thinking of our death too and of our resurrection, of which the Eucharist was to be the pledge. Mindful then, of her divine commission, and of our loving Savior's injunction, the Church obliges all the faithful to receive the Holy Eucharist at Easter, or in the Easter season, but she urges all to approach the holy table not only on the great feast of Easter but every day in the year.

Let us, then, receive, on this glorious Easter morn, the resuscitated Flesh of Jesus Christ. Let us show our love and appreciation for this wonderful privilege by coming frequently, daily if possible, to the holy table, that the thrills of Easter may never leave our hearts.

"O resuscitated Victim, Sacrament of the Pasch. Bread of Eternal Life, grant that I may die to sin and live to Thee, to Thy love, in Thy service!" for "they that have done good things, shall come forth unto the resurrection of life; but they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of judgment."—John 5:29.

His First Sermon

MARY CLARK JACOBS

IT was Holy Saturday afternoon. Down into the depths of sorrow and suffering, calumniated and persecuted, scourged and crucified by men, the Savior of the world now lay in His tomb; and on the morrow gloriously triumphant over sin and death and hell, He would arise.

"He is risen; He is not here." Young Father Mattern bent his fine head and frowned as he jotted down items which he wished to use in his sermon on Easter Sunday. That sermon worried Father Mattern considerably. He was a young priest, but recently ordained, and had come to St. Catherine's parish as assistant pastor but the week previous. Sunday he must give first sermon, and naturally he wished to say something that would not only spiritually benefit his listeners, but would please and edify them also.

When he hinted to the pastor that he doubted his ability to speak on such an important feast day as Easter, Father Rinder laughed good-naturedly.

"The first sermon is always difficult, no matter what the topic or the day may be. Just do your best and don't worry if you forget every line you've prepared. Get it over some way and you'll find that every lecture after that will be easier to prepare and deliver."

Through his window gleamed the golden sunshine, typifying the Easter time for its inviting warmth and light awakened Mother Earth from the long sleep of winter and coaxed forth bud and flower and bush to gladden and make happy God's people.

There was a knock at the door and the young assistant arose to greet the pastor.

"Father Mattern, you won't give your first sermon here after all," he smiled as he noted the papers on the desk.

"Ah, Father Rinder, you are convinced that I cannot do justice to the great feast day," he said a trifle sadly.

"Not at all," the pastor hastily assured him. "I just received word that old Father Wilson has had a bad accident at Cross Corners. He has a broken limb and his condition is serious on account of his age. Cross Corners is one of Father Wilson's missions, at which he says Mass once a month. It seems that he had promised his people, about two score of poor laborers, mostly foreigners, to be with them on Easter Sunday, and he has sent word to me to try to have a priest there to say Mass so that they may not be disappointed."

"And I am to go?"

"Yes. I shall telephone to the Seminary and have a Jesuit Father come over and assist me with confessions and last Mass and you must start at once. It is three or four hours' drive to the mission. You'll have to get a horse at the livery stable. The way is too steep and rough for an auto or buggy."

So Father Mattern left the sermon which he was preparing to deliver in an elegant structure where no money had been spared in the endeavor to make things fine and fitting for the King of Kings who dwelt upon the Altar, and prepared for the rough journey ahead of him.

As he rode along, he pondered again over the Easter sermon. Hardly could he expect to deliver to the congregation of Cross Corners the lecture he had intended for St. Catherine's. But, fortunately for his peace of mind, he could spare little time to worry about it. The way was steep and difficult, even for a sure-footed beast, and he was compelled to be constantly alert lest he and his faithful horse be hurled over an embankment to the creek that skirted the road.

He had ridden several hours at as rapid a pace as the way permitted with no friendly traveler to share the journey. The road was dreary, forsaken, and lonely, and as he had not ridden horseback in years, he was growing very tired. Suddenly the young priest forgot all loneliness and fatigue and experienced his first real fright.

From the side of the road a man ran out and grasped the horse's bridle. He was dark of skin, unshaven, and poorly dressed, and Father Mattern did not doubt that he was in the hands of a highwayman. Indeed, he half thrust his hand into a pocket to offer the little cash he carried and beg to be permitted to continue on his way, when the man's jargon of English and foreign words brought a glimmer of understanding.

"What are you saying?" he demanded.

"You a pries'—da younga pries'? Yes?"

"Yes, I am Father Mattern, a Catholic priest."

"You go to Crossa Corn'r. To Fath'r Wilson?"

"Yes, I will say Mass at Father Wilson's mission at Cross Corners."

"T'ank God, I fin' you. Fath'r Wilson say you young—jus' mak' da pries'—we so glad—you coma so far to us—so rough an' not goot—but we try maka you welcome. I come meet you. Ah, Fath'r, you bless ol' Tony, no goota man."

To the young priest's amazement, the man dropped to the ground on his knees and bowed his head and Father knew he was waiting for

his blessing, a custom which one never meets with in the crowded thoroughfares of a city.

"You need not have met me," Father Mattern protested. "I don't like to take you from your work."

"Dat a'right," the man assured him. "Fath'r Wilson say you young—jus' maka da pries"—we no want you get lost or hurt."

Father Mattern smiled as he followed his guide. What simple, true people they were. Uneducated, poor laborers, yet they possessed that gift of Faith, which made them welcome God's messenger with every possible respect and courtesy.

At Cross Corners Father Mattern had little time for meditation. After a brief visit to the injured priest, he ate a simple supper and went into the confessional, then he flung himself upon a couch and dropped into a deep sleep. At daylight he arose and went over to the rough little hut, that served as a church, to make preparations for Mass.

There were less than fifty in the church, uncouth, labor-scarred men and a few of their wives, but when Father Mattern spoke to them, he forgot that they were poor, unlearned toilers, he even forgot that this was his first sermon. He remembered only that they were God's children, and no matter what their state of life might be or how great their poverty, God Himself had suffered and died for them and on Easter Sunday arose from the grave, that their immortal souls might arise from the death of sin and live forever with Him in Heaven.

He knew that he had touched them, for their eyes gleamed upon him benignly and more than one tear dotted a dark cheek. It was left for Tony to express their pleasure.

"Fath'r Mat'rn, you spik so fine—I mos' cry. My wife she cry. Ah, you maka fine talk with us."

Father shook his head.

"I'm not much of a speaker, Tony. I'm afraid I never shall be. However, I'm glad you are satisfied and perhaps I'll do better the next time I come. You see that was my first sermon."

Harriet Beecher Stowe

MAUDE GARDNER

HARTFORD, Connecticut, holds within its precincts the homes of many whose names are famous in history and literature. Whittier, our beloved Quaker poet, was for a time a resident of the old New England town; Hartford was the home of Charles Dudley Warner, one of America's most charming writers, whose "Back-log Studies" have delighted thousands

of booklovers. For many years Mark Twain, the famous humorist, called this city his home, and near by, at No. 49 Forest St., lived his neighbor, Harriet Beecher Stowe, who has often been called, "the little woman who started the Civil War."

Harriet Beecher Stowe was born at Litchfield, Connecticut, on June 14, 1811, and was one of a family of unusually gifted children. Henry Ward Beecher, two years younger than the authoress, became a noted lecturer, author, and clergyman, and for almost a quarter of a century the sermons from his Plymouth Church pulpit were published and widely read. Catherine, the oldest of the family, after the tragic death of the young professor to whom she was engaged, devoted her life to educational work and for many years at the head of a female seminary at Hartford, and to this institution of learning came the young sister, Harriet, to be educated, and later to be associated with Catherine in the work.

In 1832 when their father, the Rev. Lyman Beecher, went to Cincinnati to accept the presidency of Lane Seminary, both daughters accompanied him and it was there that Harriet Beecher met and married Calvin E. Stowe, who was connected with the school, and giving up her public work she became a happy wife, and later a busy mother, for little twin daughters were in the home to greet the father on his return from Europe, where he had gone on business a year or so later.

With the doubling of the family, Mrs. Stowe's household duties increased so suddenly that it was found necessary to have a maid to help her with the work, and a colored girl from Kentucky was employed—a slave, who, longing for freedom, had made her way north, and when it became known that the girl's master was looking for her, Mrs. Stowe's kind heart responded to the unhappiness of the hunted girl, and she aided her in getting across into Canada and safety. This girl, later figured as "Eliza" in Mrs. Stowe's famous book, "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Early in 1849 Prof. Stowe was offered the chair of Sacred Literature in the Theological Seminary at Andover, Massachusetts, and the family removed there. Other children had come to keep the twins company and the family burdens grew heavier each year, but amid all the constant cares and worries, and as a sort of uplift from the everyday drudgery, Mrs. Stowe had found time to devote some of her hours to literature, and several magazine articles had found a publisher, thus aiding materially the slender purse of the family, for it was hard, with so many mouths to feed, so many little

bodies to clothe, always to make ends meet on Prof. Stowe's scanty salary.

Then came the acute period of anti-slavery agitation. For a long time Harriet Beecher Stowe had looked upon slavery as a great injustice. Just before her marriage she had gone across the Ohio River to visit friends in Kentucky, seeing for the first time in her life, slavery as it really was, and that coupled with the knowledge of the fugitive slave girl, whom she had befriended, aroused her indignation, and when on one occasion her sister had remarked: "Now Hattie, if I could use the pen as you can, I would make this whole nation feel what an accursed thing slavery is," the future authoress, then and there resolved that some day she was going to strike a rightful blow against the terrible menace.

Sitting in church one Sunday, instead of listening to the sermon which fell from the minister's lips, she mentally wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the plan of the book having suddenly come to her. Hurrying home, when the service was concluded, she hastily gathered pen and paper and in a short while had written the chapter which describes Uncle Tom's death, thus beginning the story with what was practically its close.

The tears which fell from the eyes of her little boys when she read to them the pathetic chapter, told her that it was worth while, and she set about to finish the book. With a baby on one knee and another little child begging for bread and butter and with the unlearned hired girl asking innumerable questions regarding cooking lore, the remainder of the book was written. But regardless of the fact that it was written under such trying circumstances, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was a great success, coming out first as a serial in the *National Era*, a Washington City newspaper. Other papers copied the story and in 1852 it came out in book form, and during the first year more than three thousand copies were sold.

It has been said that this book, more than anything else, stirred people to think seriously of the great slavery question, and before long Harriet Beecher Stowe, the tired, hard-working mother, was being heralded as a great American authoress. But dearer to her than the fame which her book brought or the ease and comfort which the money from its sale afforded her, was the consciousness that her work, in a measure, was helping to bring about freedom from slavery. She took no credit for herself. "No indeed," she was once heard to say, "The Lord himself wrote it and I was the humblest of instruments in His hands. To Him alone should be given all the praise."

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" was soon selling in Great Britain and the colonies. It was translated into several foreign languages, and when some years later, with the old poverty-stricken days forever gone and Harriet Beecher Stowe could indulge the longing of years to travel, in the great countries of Europe she was royally received, for her little book had preceded her and made her famous. On being presented to the President of the United States, the eyes of the great Emancipator twinkled merrily for a moment as he said, "Is this the little woman that started the great war?"

In 1863 Dr. and Mrs. Stowe bought the home at 49 Forest St., Hartford, where the summers were spent, the winters being passed in a beautiful cottage on the bluffs of the St. Johns River in Florida. Mrs. Stowe continued to write, "Dred," "Old Town Folks," and "Agnes of Sorrento," being among her later books, but none of these works ever gained the popularity of her first great attempt.

"The Minister's wooing" was written out of the greatest sorrow of her life in the tragic taking away of her favorite son—a comforting message to hundreds of other mothers who had suffered a like sorrow. Mrs. Stowe's Christian faith was the greatest inspiration of her life, and through her own efforts, she had built a beautiful little Episcopal church in the village where she lived on the St. Johns River. From the proceeds of some readings in the North, she later had built a comfortable rectory and a regular clergyman was installed.

When, in her later years, it became impossible to make the long trips South, she settled down in her Hartford home to a peaceful and happy old age. She had lived to see the freeing of the slaves and what a happy thought it was to this gifted woman, in the evening of her life, to feel that she had been instrumental in bringing it about—a triumph of her own faith in the greatness and goodness of God.

No Tomb Had He

P. K.

So poor wast Thou, O Savior, on earth,
Thou hadst not where to rest Thy weary Head;
A crib received Thy infant form at birth,
The Cross, Thy mangled Body, naked, dead,
And Thou, for whom, when born, men had no room,
Wast laid to rest within a borrowed tomb.

Within the garden of my stony heart
A sepulchre for Thee Thy love hath made;
To virtue's seeds Thy showers of grace impart
When there Thy mystery-swathéd Body's laid,
And roll before my senses' door a stone,
That I may be with Thee, my God, alone.

The Holy Grail

THE sixth panel of the Edwin A. Abbey Holy Grail frieze decorations in the Boston Public Library is "The Loathely Damsel."

As near disheartenment as one so filled with assurance of a high destiny well can be, Galahad finds himself roaming again. Somehow he has strangely lost the Castle of the Grail: the way thither is as uncertain as though his steps never had trodden it. He wanders through a blighted country that lies under the same spell as the castle. Enthrallled by that spell are likewise the three maidens that pass as he sits disconsolate by the roadside, pondering his failure. A weirdly mystical group they are, — the Loathely Damsel and her two companions. In the sixth panel we see the hapless lady riding a white mule with a rich golden harness, her hooded cloak of dark crimson concealing her head, — now bald and with repulsive features that once were of exceeding beauty. The second damsel follows riding, her head and shoulders just seen in the picture. The third maiden is dressed as a stripling in dark attire. She carries a scourge to urge the two steeds forward. The Loathely Maiden holds in her arms the ghastly head of a crowned king, and is weighted down with the burden. In the background are bare tree trunks in a gloomy forest, the light of a bleak sky gleaming through. The Loathely Damsel has lost her charm of face, — though still retaining her beautiful young form, — in penalty for the ill she has wrought. Against her will she has to roam the world, doing harm to men, until the achievement of the Grail shall set her free with her companions. They recognize Galahad; filled with resentment at his failure to effect their longed-for disenthralment, they bitterly reproach and revile him for not asking the question when within the castle. He bears in patient sorrow their maledictions, for he feels that they are justified.

What is the meaning of it all? Here in the Loathely Damsel we have a prototype of Kundry, so finely developed by Wagner's art, as in the preceding panel we see in Galahad something of the "Pure Fool," the Parsifal whose youthful innocence, prime essential to the Quest though it be, yet is all unsufficing. Knowledge of the world's ways is needed, that the hero may redeem his fellow beings from manifold sufferings and misfortunes. Just as Kundry was doomed to work ill to men sorely against her will until one should come destined to release her, so likewise was it the Loathely Damsel. She stands for the ill that woman un-

willingly works for man; she stands for the loss of woman's personal charm that comes with years passed in a world blighted by the loss of its source of life and light, the Divine Wisdom that is possible to mankind; she stands for the power of woman over men and their kingdoms, making crowns and the wearers of crowns her very own to do with as she may, their lives with their kingdoms forfeit to her. And she takes them greedily, but with much sorrow. So, though merely an episode in the



THE LOATHELY DAMSEL

series, the subject of this panel is pregnant with deep significance.

It is notable that the Loathely Damsel retains her essential nobility of nature, typified in her beauty of figure, while suffering the inevitable penalty of her acts through her loss of charm in countenance. The strength of red blood has carried the soul of the pure knight safely through the occupancy of the Siege Perilous,—perilous through the dangers from pride taken in attributes and virtues conferred by God, not gained by himself. It has guarded him through fasts and vigils. It has carried him to the very abiding place of the Grail itself. But there something more than personal purity was demanded, something more than singleness of purpose. He was a seeker for enlightenment, and as such he was bound to ask a certain question. That is, wisdom can be gained only through understanding. So, meeting the Loathely Damsel, he sees the immense amount of harm that exists in the world and understands its cause. And she, in her helpless anger, gives him the key to the Quest. From her lips he learns for the first time that he should have made question, that therein lay the cause of his failure. When Galahad again comes to the Castle of the Grail, he will know what to do. (The Seventh Panel will follow next month)

Candle Light

MYRTLE CONGER

CELIA'S eyes filled with tears as she laid the bulky envelope unopened, upon the shabby little writing table. No need to open that envelope; she knew what was in it,—a returned manuscript, her latest little story. The tears welled over and dropped down upon it as it lay there; one or two fell upon the edge of the little table. Originally, that table had been an old and much-worn sewing table which she had purchased cheaply from the effects of the poor, unknown little seamstress who had died in the room on the floor below.

Celia had spent a precious dime for the bright-colored blotter on the table's top. That blotter was, perhaps, the one little touch of color in the dingy, narrow little room that Celia called home,—the blotter and the rather gayishly red robe of the little statue of St. Joseph which stood on an improvised ledge just above the little table. To be sure, neither the blotter nor the robe was as gay as it really seemed. It was only that they stood out in contrast to the dinginess of the rest of the room. The only light in the room came through a single little window that opened out—not to

sky and space but upon the high walls of another huge brick building across the alleyway, an alleyway, up and down which the city's heavier traffic clattered and rumbled all day long and into the hours of the night mingled with the noises of explosive engines and grinding clutches, the ceaseless sounding of horns and of high-pitched, often raucous, voices, together with the intermittent clang of horses' iron shoes upon the alley paving.

There wasn't much space for light, even though it had not been shut out by the high walls of the opposite building; but Celia had placed the little table as close to the window as the room's poor arrangement would allow, and smiling bravely, she had reminded herself that subdued light was best for the eyes. The little salesgirl who lived alone in the room across the hall had said that the light had been subdued by the city's smoke. They had laughed together about it at the time. There is comfort in having someone to laugh with you when life presses too heavily. They had laughed together over many of the little salesgirl's remarks. They had laughed most when she had said that the reason she did not have a rug in her room was because she preferred a floor that she could scrub clean to a rug for which she had no vacuum cleaner,—the niggardly manager of the building having refused to supply a cleaner for the tenants, all working girls. She was afraid, she had said, of the germs that abode in dust and grime—those awful germs that the health department was always warning you about. And she had added that there were probably so many varieties of them housing themselves around in the building now that they were liable to create a new variety among themselves and thus give the scientists something else to investigate and to worry about supplying new antitoxines for.

Celia smiled through her tears as she thought of the little salesgirl, poor and friendless like herself, struggling with the problem of existence, yet so merry and brave with it all. She wished she could be as brave and merry now as she looked at the bulky envelope on the table before her. She wondered how she had ever even thought she could write,—but,—a sob rose in her throat,—what else could she undertake? She could not be a salesgirl like her little friend across the hall; she could not do any of the things by which other girls could earn a livelihood; she could not even sew, for, alas, Celia was a cripple. It had happened ten years ago—a fall, a broken hip, an injured spine. She could not go about as other girls did. She shivered a little as she recalled the glances of aversion in the eyes of those she met

on the only occasions when she left the building—to attend Mass at the great city church down the street, or to make her meagre purchases in some of the cheaper, near-by market places; and rarely, very rarely, to sit awhile in the spacious park in the next square. Celia had never grown accustomed to glances of aversion in eyes where only compassion should dwell when they looked upon misfortune.

Writing had seemed the one thing that she could do. There is always one thing that each of us can do, if we but find it; and though that one thing seem small, and not a matter for much recognition in this world, if each of us could but find that one thing, and would do it, how much fairer the world would be for each of us,—how much brighter and smoother for others. But, alas, whatever the cause may be, many do not seem to find their work, or finding it, fail to do it, or do it only poorly. But a world thus well organized and regulated, would be a world into which sin had not entered, a world then, in which charity would not be so beautiful. Rather, then, an imperfect world with charity than a perfect world without that Christlike gift among men.

The story that Celia had written, the little story in the big envelope that lay before her on the table, had been a story of charity. She had written it with so much feeling; had put so much of herself into it; and now, it had come back to her. So many of her stories had come back to her. More and more had come back of late. At first she had sold a few, had received what seemed to her rather more than adequate remuneration for them. For, the magazines that had accepted them were, themselves, more or less struggling little publications; and even the checks which they had sent might have meant something of a hardship to the editors.

But small as the checks had been, they had meant so much to Celia in addition to the tiny income her widowed mother had managed to leave her. They had meant gas for the feeble little light in the room, for the hot-plate on the little shelf in the closet where Celia made cocoa and toast, with sometimes a soft boiled egg or cereal, or where, on luxurious occasions, she broiled a chop. She and the little salesgirl sometimes broiled chops together, at a saving of gas on those Sunday mornings when they had come home together for breakfast after Mass. Sometimes these checks had even meant the rent. Once they had helped pay a doctor's bill, small as the kindly doctor had made it without seeming to bestow charity.

When Celia had mailed the little story that now lay before her, she had used her last post-

age stamp, but she had felt so hopeful of returns. It had seemed such a good story,—though she knew that any story fresh from the pen nearly always seems good to the one who has written it. She had counted so upon its acceptance, but now, there it lay upon the shabby little table,—and her hopes lay with it.

The ache that had gathered in her throat at the thought of her disappointment had reached her heart, seemed to envelope it. Why had she ever thought that she could write. She was such a failure. But at St. Rita's—it had seemed so long ago, now—she had been considered one of the most talented pupils of the school. Sister Louise, the Superior, had prophesied that, some day, Celia would be a real writer. (That had been before the crippling fall.) But now! How disappointed Sister Louise would be if she knew. And what a sacrifice it had been to her poor widowed mother to send her to St. Rita's so long—even though it had been a free high school and academy, supported by the Cathedral parish. Her poor, dear, hard-working mother. She, too, would have been so disappointed at her daughter's failure, though maybe she would understand, now that she had gone where disappointments can be no more, nor sorrow, nor tears, nor dingy little rooms in wretched tenement buildings, nor returned manuscripts lying on shabby little tables.

Celia looked down again upon the still unopened envelope lying—a dull patch—upon the bright-colored blotter. Then she raised her eyes to the statue of St. Joseph above her. On the day she had sent out the little story, she had first laid it at his feet, asking him to obtain a blessing for it and favorable returns in her necessity—but the story had come back. Her glance rested upon the calm face above her. Her lips moved in supplication, a prayer for resignation. The compassionate eyes seemed to look down upon her in sympathy and understanding. St. Joseph, too, knew the bitterness of poverty and disappointments,—all the more bitter because nearly always the Divine Child and His holy Mother had been made to suffer with him.

The tears flowed over Celia's cheeks, but they were different tears now. She felt that, somehow, the good Saint would help her in some other way, or, if he did not, it was because everything was best for her just as it was, the returned manuscript, and everything.

Her glance returned to the bulky envelope once more. Mechanically she turned it over. The flap, already loosened, came open; the folded sheets slipped out upon the little table. Celia picked them up; another little sheet fell from

between their folds. It was not the usual rejection slip. Celia had seen too many of them. It was a letter. Sometimes the editors wrote letters in the rejection of manuscripts. Celia wondered what this one would say, not that it mattered greatly,—now. She sighed as she unfolded it. Then, drying her last tear, she read: Dear Miss Huell: The editors have read your little story, "Candle Light," and like it very much, and they would be pleased to accept the same for publication in an early issue if you will make certain changes herein indicated. (Then followed a notation of the changes desired.) With these changes made, the editors will be pleased to accept the story at the usual rate.

Then Celia sobbed in earnest,—tears of rejoicing, thanksgiving, overflowing happiness; and lifting her streaming eyes, she raised the letter in her hand, and held it toward the statue. "Oh, see!—St. Joseph!" she cried.

The Blessed Virgin and the Benedictine Order

REV. DOM ADELARD BOUVILLIERS, O. S. B.

FROM a spiritual viewpoint I am trying to study the place which the Blessed Virgin Mary ought to occupy in our monastic life, by reason of the analogies between the virtues of monks and her most perfect life. I wish to show, in the name of theology and tradition, how the Patriarch of Monks first of all was very careful not to fail in this duty, and has here, as everywhere, given his sons the example of a faultless piety. It is as if to reply in advance to those who at times express astonishment at not finding either in the Holy Rule or in the life of our saintly Father, any mention of Our Blessed Lady and her veneration. But as soon as we take up Benedictine history we discover an abundance of clear testimony which gives evidence of a devotion both constant and fully established from its origin. I cannot consider collecting a full list of the Benedictine promoters of her cult, but I shall choose from among their number the greatest names capable of representing the tradition of the entire Order.

The most ancient seems to be that of Saint Ildefonse of Toledo, Spain, (607–667). The feast—essentially Spanish—of the Expectation of the Blessed Mother, on December eighteenth, has preserved for us one of his sermons in the liturgy. We know of the vision with which he was favored by the Blessed Mother, who chanted with him, and afterwards clothed him with the sacred ornaments which are still venerated and with which he celebrated, in her presence, the august Sacrifice, served by angels. It is

an example, at the same time, of the manifestation of a reality which is of daily occurrence. Later, in monastic churches, the custom was introduced of celebrating, after Lauds, the "Morning Mass" in honor of Our Lady, and an altar was especially reserved for this Mass.

From the pen of St. Ildefonse we have a "Defence of the Perpetual Virginity of the Mother of God," wherein is revealed, with a fully enlightened faith, a sound and perfect piety which is in no way inferior to that of later ages. Also a more graceful work on "The Crown of the Virgin" lauds the prerogatives of Our Lady with a devotion which the "Mariale" of St. Anselm cannot surpass!

I have spoken of the daily Mass in honor of Our Blessed Lady: this leads me to point out next her particular Office which, at Cluny, in the time of St. Hugo (1024–1109) was privileged to replace for the sick the office of the choir, anticipating the subsequent legislation when her Office was added to all the Canonical Office itself. It is to Fontavanne Abbey, a branch house of Cluny (eleventh century), that the honor is due for this increase of devotion, becoming an almost universal practice soon after its introduction. St. Peter Damian (988–1072) who spread it to the utmost extent of his power, even attached to it the grace of final perseverance.

But it is the four great Abbots of Cluny, who were the most noteworthy servants of the Blessed Virgin, those who loved to celebrate each of her feasts by a special sermon. Certainly, these sermons are too much forgotten today, and it is most desirable that they be revived to show us on what were nourished and strengthened the souls of the monks who have gone before us. Moreover, was not every feast of the Blessed Virgin a monastic feast and was not every monastic feast a feast of the Blessed Mother in this venerable Church of Cluny, which its holy Abbots had been careful to dedicate to "Our Lady Saint Mary" and in which St. Hugh wished to die?

However there is one name more noted than the others and which the reader is impatient to hear: it is that of St. Anselm (1033–1109). If many works have been attributed to him, that proves at least the devotion which he was recognized as having had towards the Blessed Virgin. Is there anything that can be compared to the graceful rhythms of the "Mariale," where, in order to sing her praises, he pours forth the pious sentiments of his soul? But he knows, too, how to penetrate the arcana of theology, when, for the first time perhaps, he treats of Our Blessed Mother with the solidity and vigor of the scholastic when he undertakes to defend and exalt her Virginal Maternity.

With him the devotion begins to be theological. Along with St. Anselm mention might well be made of those who, though they went before, form with him a veritable school of Mariology: Paschasius, Radbert, and Lanfranc were the inspirers of his doctrine; and after him came his disciples Eadmer, and later Guibert of Nogent, to mention only the most remarkable.

But, close to St. Anselm, we must not omit St. Bernard (1091-1153). Our Lady is everywhere in his works. It is she that he discovers everywhere in the Sacred Scriptures and of her that he speaks incessantly in his sermons on the "Missus est" of which the breviary preserves for us the most useful passages. "In anguish and danger, remember Mary and call her to your aid. O Clement, O Pious, O Sweet Virgin Mary!" Is it not thus that he himself invokes her when kneeling in the Cathedral of Spire, where he recommends to her the success of the embassy into Germany?

However great the names of St. Bernard and St. Anselm are to represent monastic piety, they leave place for another, whom it would be unjust to omit. I mean St. Gertrude the Great (1256-1301) whose devotion in point of fervor does not yield to either of the preceding. Instructed by Our Lord Himself, who had given her His Mother as counsellor and special protectress, she knew and she has told us what part we ought to give to Our Lady in all our life. I cannot think of chronicling even briefly her splendid visions: let me remark only that the devotion of St. Gertrude to Mary is another testimony of the constant tradition of the Order,—for so intense a piety cannot be awakened only to pass quickly into oblivion. On the contrary, in proportion as it extends, the theological foundations detach themselves the more. Rarely, however, were they exposed with so much felicity as by the venerable Louis Blossius (1506-1566). He is as always the best qualified to collect and proclaim our Benedictine traditions. On this title his testimony deserves to be cited: In "The Paradise of the Faithful Soul" XVIII, I, he expresses himself thus: "If we trust in Mary, it is not that she has not received from God all that she is and all that she possesses, but because she is all-powerful in Him whom she has brought into the world. The Creator has given to His creature,—The Son to His Mother—an ineffable power...." And that is why we put in her our hope of salvation, not before the Lord, but on account of Him.

After the Abbot of Liessies, there is a name particularly sweet to mention: it is that of the illustrious and saintly Abbot Dom Guéranger (1806-1875). There is no one who does not know the brilliant memoir by which he defend-

ed in 1850 the glorious prerogatives of the Immaculate Conception and obtained its dogmatic definition. But because the protection of Our Lady is a necessity in all ages, even today we can listen to him and raise up our souls by the expression of his confidence: "As to the need that the world experiences in this moment of drawing down upon itself the merciful glances of the Queen of Heaven, who cannot feel it? Already, society would have crumbled if God did not hold it up on account of His Church, the destinies of which are not completed. The Son of God will not destroy a world resounding everywhere with the glory of His Mother. The Ark of Peace will shine again on the clouds of Heaven. The course of the chastisements which the nations have deserved and which wrings from them the cry of distress will stop suddenly and the waves of God's anger will turn back upon themselves."

Furthermore, how could I refrain from mentioning him, whom His Holiness, Benedict XV, deigned to call the Theologian of the Assumption of Our Lady, the Rt. Rev. Dom Paul Renaudin, resigned (1918) Abbot of Clervaux Abbey, Luxemburg? We know by what powerful studies he devoted himself to prove the possibilities of defining this dogma, already postulated at the Council of the Vatican. By the side of the theological reasons there is the argument from tradition, and here also, what a number of Benedictine names one can point out in its study, as those of St. Amadeus of Hautecombe, Peter de Celle, Philip of Harveng!

In fine, the chapter of the "Book of Oraison," in which the Rt. Rev. Lady Cécile Bruyère (1845-1909), Abbess of Solesmes, shows the place which the Blessed Virgin Mary ought to have in our spiritual life, deserves to have special mention here. It shows us that the devotion which was that of all the great saints of the Order is not less alive today, nor less deep than in the days of St. Gertrude. Nothing can sum up so adequately the substance of my little article as the charm which attaches to the words of the late Abbess Bruyère in the following: "We lower the worship rendered to the Blessed Virgin by reducing it to a devotion, and we diminish the love which we bear her by not raising it up to a doctrine."

He who receives Jesus into the chamber of his heart, receives a superabundance of joy and bliss.—St. Ambrose.

Jesus! Whom for the present veiled I see,
What I so thirst for, oh, vouchsafe to me,
That I may see Thy countenance unfolding,
And may be blest Thy glory in beholding.
—St. Thomas.

St. Mary of Egypt

A. C. McK.

GOD, in His goodness and mercy, raised St. Mary of Egypt from an abandoned sinner to the practice of sublime and heroic virtue.

When only twelve years of age she left home and parents and for seventeen years followed a sinful life in the city of Alexandria, in Egypt. Seeing a large number of people going toward the wharf, she joined them, and learning they were going on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem and the Holy Land, she went along, not for pious reasons, but out of curiosity and for the purpose of indulging her sinful desires. On the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross she went with the crowd to the church. All entered to adore the sacred wood except Mary, who was held back by a secret and invisible force. This happened three or four times. She then retired into a corner of the porch to consider what this might proceed from. In an instant a ray of divine light penetrated her soul, and the sinful state of her life burst upon her. Turning to the Immaculate Mother, whose picture faced her, sinful and sorrowful, she begged of the Holy Virgin, by her incomparable purity, to render her repentance acceptable to God. She then and there made a vow to Our Blessed Lady, consecrating herself to a life of penance and mortification, asking only that she be permitted to enter the church, and there, like another Magdalen, stand beside the Holy Cross. She then entered with ease. On returning she knelt again before the picture of Mary, the Refuge of Sinners. While thus engaged in earnest prayer, she heard a voice saying: "Pass over the Jordan and thou shalt find rest." Raising her tearful eyes to the image of the Holy Queen, she implored her help and protection and passed out of the church toward the Jordan. Arriving in time at the church of St. John the Baptist she received in Holy Communion her Divine Savior. She then crossed the river and entered the wilderness, where she remained hidden from human eyes forty-seven years, when she was discovered by Abbot Zosimus. She told him that for seventeen years she was assailed by violent temptation and was haunted by the scenes and songs she had left, but after that time had lived in perfect peace. She asked that he bring to her on Holy Thursday the Sacred Body of Christ in Holy Communion, waiting on the opposite bank of the river for her. This he did, taking with him a small basket of figs and dates. At night she appeared on the opposite shore, and making the sign of the cross over the river, walked

upon the water as if it had been dry land. After receiving the Blessed Sacrament, she lifted up her eyes to heaven and said: "Now Thou dost dismiss Thy servant, O Lord, according to Thy word, in peace, because mine eyes have seen my Savior." She earnestly begged Zosimus to pardon the trouble she had given him and asked him to return the following year to the place where he first saw her. Imploring him never to forget her in his prayers, she returned over the river as she came.

At the time appointed Zosimus came to the place where he had first seen her. Here he found her corpse stretched upon the ground. At her side was an inscription bearing her name and the time of her death. Zosimus, with the assistance of a lion, dug a grave and buried her. Recommending both himself and the whole church to the saint's intercession, he returned to his monastery, where he related all he had seen and heard of this holy penitent. It is from the monks of this community that the author of the same century wrote her life. The anniversary of St. Mary of Egypt is on the 9th of April, which falls this year on Wednesday of Passion Week.

Reckoning

NELLIE C. MAGENNIS

O gleaming water rippling 'neath the sun,
What pitiless reckoning has the past for thee—
For precious things that fled when day was done—
Upon the breaking waves of life's great sea?

I watched and could not turn my eyes away—
Looking in vain from heights inland from shore.
But only fitful dusk o'er white sands lay,
Where life's fair springtime ebbed forevermore.

Our Lady's First Communion

S. M. T., O. S. B.

His life was near its end; ah, precious hour,—
The last they lived in one! but, speechless, still,
It passed, each moment laden with a vast
Unmeasured woe. A grateful Son He was,
And ere He left her warm embrace, He gave
His parting Gift. Long years had gone since she
His Flesh and Blood to Him had given, and now
He gives a new to her, her gift to Him,
And with it all the merits of a life
Of toil and beautiful self-sacrifice,
And all the love of His great, generous Heart!
What wonder that the Angels paused in awe
To see the Gem of Jesus' peerless Self
So sweetly laid within the setting rare
Of Mary's pure soul?

Notes of General Interest

FROM THE FIELD OF SCIENCE

—Observations at the Lick Observatory in California show change of color in certain areas on the planet Mars. This indicates that there may be vegetable life on Mars.

—The air flivver is flying nearer to the ordinary person. In the motor glider contest at Lympne, England, an 'air baby,' with only a seven foot spread and a 3½ horse power engine, flew 87 miles on a gallon of gasoline. The cost of the machine was about one thousand dollars.

—The waters of the river Jordan, in the Holy Land, are to furnish power for modern electric plants. A large dam and power house are already under construction.

—The world famous Stradivari violins are said to have been imitated by science. Professor Koch at Dresden, Germany, after a number of experiments, concluded that the secret of the wonderful tones lies in the perfect uniformity of the wood, in being free from small bubbles, pores, or minute cracks. The professor found a peculiar transparent substance in the pores of the Italian violins, and research led to an oil treatment which is said to give modern wood the uniformity necessary for the deep, sonorous tones.

—Many are the ills that still baffle science. The 'Devil's Grip' in Virginia has been classed as a form of influenza or 'grip,' but influenza itself is still to be solved. Cancer, poliomyelitis or infantile paralysis, pellagra, 'sleeping sickness, and epilepsy, still await a medicine or treatment that is specific.

—Live fish for table use can now be bought in the large city markets. Whereas many kinds of meat improve in taste by being allowed to hang a certain length of time, such a treatment is ruination to the eating quality of fish. The live fish are shipped in special cars and keep in tanks till sold.

—The chestnut trees in this country seem doomed to destruction. A fungus which found its way to the United States from China is exterminating them. Science so far has found no remedy against the invader, which bears the big name of *Endothia parasitica*.

—If you order a new mattress for the bed, will the mattress fit? The mattress maker, the spring maker, the bed maker,—all had different sizes and designs to the number of 92 different beds. Now the sizes have been reduced to 7 or 8, and will be effective as soon as the present supplies of beds are exhausted.

—Something new to keep us warm,—balsam-wood. Light wood, owing to the many air cells it contains, is a very good insulator against heat or cold. By increasing the number of air cells the wood is made into a better insulator. To secure this, balsam wood is 'made over' into a substance more woolly than wood. The small pieces of wood are reduced to a sort of coarse pulp, the fibers are impregnated with a fireproofing

material, and then blown onto a traveling wire screen to build up a light, porous product six feet wide, and three quarters of an inch thick. Tests made last winter with the finished product in a number of Minnesota homes showed a saving of 30 to 40 per cent in coal.

—Nothing new under the sun! The excavations at Carthage show an organ with pipes and pedals, more than 2000 years old, spectacles with thick lenses, perfume vaporizers, face powders, and rouge.

—Will science develop a million times more energy from coal in the future than at present? Were the atoms that make up coal to disintegrate as radium does, such a result could be obtained. It is of interest to read that a step further towards this goal has been taken. Dr. W. D. Harkins, of the University of Chicago announces that he has isolated and observed a ray given off by the alpha particles of radium. He calls it the zeta ray. If man will find some way of exploding the atoms, he will have at command a source of incalculable power.

—Strips of gauze with cloth dipped in goose droppings to form the resemblance of a human figure are given by a self-confessed medium, Ladislaus Laszlo, as the means for deceiving Professor Schrenk-Notzing of Munich. The medium also used phosphorescent cloth. The learned professor had been duped into believing that mediums were able to achieve certain phenomena of materialization of spirits. The exposure has come like a bombshell into the camp of European spiritism. But one Catholic editor in this country warns us that the medium may again be deceiving by a false confession.

—The magnificent castles, churches, mountain scenery, thrown on the screen in the movies, show that a camera can lie. Three methods are used to secure such magnificent effects without great expense. All three methods depend on a difference of exposure for the upper half and lower half of the picture. In one case, a picture was filmed with the upper part of the lens covered with a mat of proper design. Then the part already exposed was covered, and the desired mountain background in the upper part of the picture, miles away from the scene of action, was secured. Another method builds the cathedral, for instance, true to measurements, to a height just above the doors. Then the towers are built in miniature and placed only a few feet from the camera so that the lens caused them to blend with the lower setting placed quite a distance away. The third method paints the upper part of the scene on glass. The 'glass work' is then placed a few feet from the camera so as to blend with an exact replica of the lower part of the reality before which the action takes place.

"APPLIED SCIENCE"

—Song hits are notable for what they miss.

—Discarded planks from political platforms might help the lumber shortage.

—The doctor, who recommended eating onions in winter, suggested a good means for finding a friend in a fog.

—One invention conquers the air, and the next one must do the same.

—The autoist who drinks like a fish will find his car turning turtle. Is this the effect of mind on matter, or of matter on mind?

—Woman's sphere is often the one on which we live.

—The plural of mouse is mice, and sometimes the plural of spouse is spice.

—Gasoline in Mexico produces more revolutions than in other lands.

—The stork and the wolf usually work the same neighborhood.

—Thirst of knowledge leads some people abroad, but for some rich Americans it is merely thirst.

—Some persons who try much dieting and reducing will still claim that they cannot stand a Lenten fast.

MISCELLANEOUS

—Rev. Michael Puetz, who passed his seventy-eighth birthday on December 29th, has been in charge of St. Augustine Church, Napoleon, Ohio, for fifty-two years. During all that time more than half a century, he has never missed a service in his church until recently when he had to undergo a surgical operation.

—One of our exchanges reports that cloves grown in Madagascar this season weigh 938 tons. We wonder how many of these weighty cloves can be bought for a nickel.

—Holland, whose flower market supplies the whole world with bulbs, is said to use 400 tons of electric light bulbs a month.

—Those who give their lives to the lepers are heroes of charity. Among these heroes who have recently contracted the fell disease is Rev. Father Nicoleaux S. M., chaplain of the leper colony at Mokogai, island of Fiji, Oceania. Another victim is a nursing sister of the Sacred Heart Order, a native European.

—In a recent fire at the Atlantic Refining Co., Pittsburgh, seven men lost their lives by drowning in a tank of oil into which they had fallen from a broken ladder. Five of these unfortunates were Catholics. Rev. Thomas C. Brown, who was passing at the time, administered the last rites of the Church as the bodies were taken from the tank.

—Ground has been broken for the main building of the Cardinal Gibbons Institute, a national school for colored youth near Baltimore.

—Rt. Rev. Mgr. William D. Hickey, Vicar General of the Archdiocese of Cincinnati, died on January 31st. Mgr. Hickey who had been a priest since August 1, 1880, has four brothers who all followed him into the priesthood, and two sisters who belong to the Notre Dame Sisters of Namur.

—Pope Pius XI has sent a medal to each of the editors of the Catholic Encyclopedia. As one of these

editors, Charles G. Herbermann, is dead, the Holy Father ordered that the medal be given his heirs. His Holiness did not place the Encyclopedia in the Apostolic Library, but retained it for his own personal use.

—Rt. Rev. Emmanuel B. Ledvina, Bishop of Corpus Christi, Texas, has secured the services of the Franciscans of the Cincinnati Province to assist in caring for the extensive missions of his diocese. The Franciscans of the Cincinnati Province have charge of numerous missions among the Indians and the Mexicans in the adjoining states of New Mexico and Arizona, but this is their first mission in southern Texas, the southernmost point in the United States.

—The annual state oratorical contest of Indiana was won by Mark Nolan, a senior of the Law school of Notre Dame University. This is the third successive year that Notre Dame has carried off the first prize in the state contest. A cash award of fifty dollars was the first prize.

—Mr. and Mrs. Louis Lazimodiere, of St. Laurent, Manitoba, recently celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary. Pierre Bruce, the "fiddler" who played at their wedding dance sixty years ago, was present and furnished the music for the anniversary. He used the identical violin that charmed its hearers on the memorable occasion so long ago.

—The new rector of Mt. St. Mary's Theological Seminary, Cincinnati, is Rev. Louis J. Nau, S. T. D., who succeeds Rt. Rev. Mgr. Beckman, recently appointed Bishop of the Diocese of Lincoln, Nebraska.

—St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, at Denver, recently hung a bell that will be used to ring the angelus. This is evidently another Romeward movement. It is stated that since about 1841 as many as 800 Anglican clergymen in Great Britain have entered the Church. Of these 240 have entered in the past twenty-three years.

—In a recent address to more than a thousand Catholic women, gathered at the City Club, Washington, for the purpose of organizing a Washington Conference of Catholic Women, Archbishop Curley stated among other things that "if Catholic men and women took more interest in American politics, this country would be the beneficiary." He further advised that they be on their guard "when legislation is proposed that seeks to encroach upon our very domains as American citizens and that attacks us in our most sacred rights."

—There are few who become altar boys at the advanced age of 75. This distinction belonged to the recently deceased George Bielmeyer, of Wautoma, Wisconsin, who died at the age of 88. Mr. Bielmeyer was a daily communicant as well as daily server at Mass. Here is an edifying example for many another man to follow. Not infrequently it happens that a server fails to come at the early Mass. There is no reason why any man present should feel embarrassed to serve the priest at Mass.

—Two more dioceses have been made vacant by death. Rt. Rev. Edward Gunn, of Natchez, and Rt.

Rev. Theophile Meerschaert, of Oklahoma, both died in February.

—When the blind lead the blind, they both fall into the ditch, is a true saying in the literal sense. In a figurative sense, however, this does not always apply. In recent years we have several remarkable examples of the blind leading the blind by their intellectual attainments. Among those who have been instrumental in bringing light to other sightless eyes was the late M. Maurice de la Sizeranne, who was blind from his childhood. At 26 he began to devise means by which other blind men might learn to be useful, not only to themselves but to other members of society as well. For the welfare of such unfortunates he founded a newspaper in Braille and organized the Valentine Haüy Society, which now contains 80,000 volumes. This great benefactor of unfortunates like himself died in February at the age of 66. Another remarkable example of the development of hidden talent we have in Helen Keller, who is not only blind but deaf as well. The tongue that was dumb has learned human speech. Besides this accomplishment Miss Keller has acquired a college education. Still another is Louise Moore, blind since her sixth year, who took her A. B. degree from Trinity College, Washington, D. C., and who has succeeded as architect. She is now aiding other blind girls at Washington. With respect to Helen Keller, we would add that it is unfortunate that in the development of her splendid talents she has drunk from tainted fountains and that together with the acquisition of knowledge she has assimilated some of the false theories of our corrupt age.

BENEDICTINE

—Work on the construction of the first three units of the Benedictine College at Cañon City, Colorado, will begin April 1st. According to present plans the group of buildings that will form the future college will ultimately number twenty-seven. The first school sessions are not to open before the autumn of 1925.

—The mid-February number of the *Fortnightly Review* says that Dom Destree's "The Benedictines," which received favorable mention in a recent number of *THE GRAIL*, "contains a concise and readable account of Benedictine history and polity, together with the latest statistics of the Order throughout the world and will therefore be found useful by many readers. The work is addressed primarily to outsiders, but it also has a message for Catholics whose appreciation of the past services and present-day activities of the Order of St. Benedict will be deepened by its perusal. The ideal of life conceived by St. Benedict is evidently as fruitful today as it was in the sixth and the following centuries. The Benedictine Order, it has been truthfully said, is 'the Church in miniature.'"

—At the advanced age of four score years the Rt. Rev. John Nepomuck Jaeger, O. S. B., Abbot of St. Procopius Abbey, at Lisle, a few miles west of Chicago, died on February 27th. Abbot John Nepomuck was born in Bohemia on February 24, 1844. With his par-

ents he came as a child to the new world. In 1865 he took up the classical studies at St. Vincent College in Pennsylvania. Five years later he entered the Benedictine novitiate at St. Vincent Abbey and on July 14, 1875, he was ordained to the priesthood. The Bohemian parish of St. Procopius in Chicago was committed to the care of St. Vincent Abbey in November, 1885. Father John Nepomuck was placed in charge of the parish as pastor and was appointed prior of the Benedictines assisting him in the discharge of his pastoral duties. On August 22, 1887, this community became an independent priory and shortly thereafter the deceased was elected canonical prior. In 1894 the priory was raised to the dignity of abbey and the prior became the first abbot. Many were the labors of Abbot Jaeger for the preservation of the faith among his countrymen. To attain this end the more effectively he established four papers, of which one, *Narod*, is a daily. (The Bohemian Benedictine Press also publishes a semiweekly general newspaper, a semimonthly farm magazine, a weekly juvenile magazine, and the *Apostolat Motilby*, organ of the Apostleship of Prayer.) Moreover, Abbot Jaeger founded the now flourishing St. Procopius College at Lisle to train up a Bohemian-speaking clergy. In 1914 the Abbey of St. Procopius was removed from its crowded quarters in Chicago to Lisle. Illness coming on with advancing years, Abbot Jaeger petitioned the Holy See in 1919 for a coadjutor. The petition being readily granted, the selection fell upon Rev. Valentine Kohlbeck, O. S. B., who was then in charge of the printing plant. The funeral was held at Lisle on March 3rd. R. I. P.

Diphtheria

(Indiana State Medical Association)

Scientific medicine achieved one of its greatest triumphs when it placed in the people's hands the specific remedy for diphtheria—diphtheria antitoxin, says a bulletin issued by the Publicity Bureau of the Indiana State Medical Association. Were it possible, the bulletin says, to apply this remedy in sufficient dose and early enough in all cases, the mortality from diphtheria would almost vanish. As it is, the disease has been robbed of much of its former terror.

The importance of recognizing diphtheria symptoms early enough to permit the successful administration of antitoxin is readily seen, continues the bulletin, when it is known that 420 deaths from diphtheria occurred in Indiana last year.

Diphtheria antitoxin is made commercially from the blood serum of horses, because the horse reacts to the poison when injected by producing a very large amount of antitoxin in its blood, and can be bled in large amounts without permanent injury. Only perfectly healthy horses, shown to be free from tuberculosis and glanders, and protected by tetanus antitoxin against lockjaw are used. All establishments for the manufacture of vaccines, antitoxins, and similar products

used in interstate commerce are licensed, their laboratories inspected, and their products tested for purity by the United States Public Health Service.

DEATH RATE REDUCED

For each of the seven years prior to the introduction of antitoxin (1887 to 1893) the number of deaths from diphtheria in each 10,000 population unit in New York City was 14.5, whereas in the five years after the use of antitoxin became general, the number of deaths occurring yearly among each 10,000 people dropped to 6.3. In 1920 the diphtheria death rate per 10,000 population in the registration area of the United States had dropped to 1.53.

That the fatalities are not still further reduced is due to the fact that not every case of diphtheria receives the antitoxin treatment, or that it is not employed soon enough, or that the dose has been insufficient.

The success of the antitoxin treatment depends on the neutralization of the diphtheria poison by the antitoxin before the poison has opportunity to injure the body cells. Once the poison has injured the cells of any part of the body, as the heart, or nerves, the antitoxin is powerless to repair the injury. This fact will explain in large measure the failure of antitoxin given late in the course of the disease to prevent paralysis or death. The element of time and the amount of poison which has been taken up by the body are important considerations. The larger the dose of poison present in the system, the less time there is to lose in saving the patient. Fortunately, the appearance of the first symptoms of poisoning does not necessarily indicate that a fatal dose has been absorbed, so that, even in apparently desperate cases the patient may get well if antitoxin in sufficient amount is given.

EARLY TREATMENT SAVES LIVES

A chart prepared by the United States Public Health Service shows that when antitoxin was administered the same day the disease made its appearance, there were no deaths. When the administration was delayed until the second day 5 per cent died. Administration on the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth days showed the progressively increased fatality 12.5 per cent; 22 per cent; 39 per cent; and 50 per cent, respectively.

There is also a relation between the early use of antitoxin and the frequency with which the crippling paralysis, so frequent in diphtheria, occurs. The earlier the use of antitoxin, the less likelihood there is of the subsequent development of paralysis. A few hours lost in beginning treatment may mean all the difference between life on the one hand and death or crippling on the other.

Diphtheria of the throat is the most frequent site, although it may occur in the nose alone or the beginning of the windpipe (larynx). A grayish membrane usually forms as the disease develops and this contains millions of the germs. The patient may complain of

sore throat and difficulty in swallowing even before the membrane forms and the throat will be inflamed. The neck becomes swollen and tender and lumps (glands) may be felt on the outside. There is no fever at the beginning of the disease.

DISEASE VARIES IN VIRULENCE

The disease varies in its virulence and some cases are so mild they do not make the patient very sick, while others in the same family may be prostrated with it. So-called membranous croup is usually diphtheria and any case of croup in a child should be examined. All cases of sore throat should be watched particularly when the patient has been exposed to the disease.

Diphtheria is usually "caught" by contact with those who have it. Failure to cover the mouth when coughing or sneezing is the most common way for the germs to be transmitted from one to another. Various objects such as pencils, candy, and drinking cups, which have been in contact with the patient, should never be used by others as the germs may be carried from one mouth to another in this manner.

PROTECTION AGAINST DIPHTHERIA

Some children are naturally immune to diphtheria and cannot "catch" the disease. A simple skin test (Schick reaction) will show which children are susceptible. Those who are susceptible can be protected against the disease by the injection of toxin antitoxin. This has been done in many schools and diphtheria thereby eradicated.

Where the vigil lamp emits its ruddy rays
There canst thou spend the happiest of thy days,
For behind the golden tabernacle wall
Doth dwell thy truest Friend, thy God, thy All.

An April Nocturne

M. E. HENRY-RUFFIN, L. H. D.

I lean my soul on the night—
The moon through the cloud-rift showing—
In the meadow below, like a blush on snow,
The bloom on the peach is blowing.

I lift to the starry height
My heart. In the silence swinging
The jessamine cup sends incense up
From beneath my casement clinging.

All over earth's blossoming stars,
The stars of heaven repeating,
Through the royal gloom, where the lilacs bloom,
My eager spirit is fleeting.

Wherever through shadow bars,
You send your soul on the night
To meet mine own towards you flown
On the wings of the young moon's flight.

efore
amed.
umps
fever

cases

sick,

crated

diph-

be ex-

atched

to the

those

cough-

germs

objects

have

used

mouth

theria

in test

re sus-

ected

titoxin.

theria

days,

ALL

bloom,



AGNES BROWN HERING

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—What do you think about April? Is it a month of stormy skies, dripping eaves, dreary days, umbrellas and rubbers? Or do you think of April as the forerunner of brighter days when the trees shall be full of singing birds, the meadows filled with sweet-scented flowers, and the trees bedecked with verdure? Let us see how the poets regard April.

"Again the blackbirds sing: the streams
Wake, laughing from their winter dreams,
And tremble in the April showers
The tassels of the maple flowers."—Whittier.

"Sweet April! Many a thought
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed:
Nor shall they fall till, to its autumn brought,
Life's golden fruit is shed."—Longfellow.

"April cold with dropping rain
Willows and lilacs brings again,
The whistle of returning birds,
The trumpet-lowing of the herds;
The scarlet-maple trees betray
What potent blood has modest May;
What fiery force the earth renews,
The wealth of forms, the flush of hues;
What joy in rosy waves outpoured,
Flows from the heart of love, the Lord."—Emerson.

"Ah, month that comes with rainbows crowned,
And golden shadows dressed—
Constant to her inconstancy,
And faithful to unrest."—Alice Cary.

"Come up, April, through the valley,
In your robes of beauty dressed,
Come and wake your flowery children
From their wintry beds of rest.
Come and overblow them softly
With the sweet breath of the south;
Drop upon them warm and loving,
Tenderest kisses of your mouth."—Phoebe Cary.

Easter

On Easter Sunday morn we again see the stone rolled back from the door of the tomb. We see the terrified soldiers. We hear the exclamation of the sorrow-laden women, and hear the angel's voice, "He is risen. He is not here!" Our Holy Mother the Church celebrates the feast of Easter with much pomp and ceremony because the Resurrection of Jesus is the foundation of our faith.

To celebrate Easter in the right spirit, we must firmly believe in the Resurrection of Our Lord; we must return Him thanks for having been born, for having died for us, and for having raised Himself to life again. At Easter time we should resolve to rise from sin to grace, and lead a new life, so that we may have a glorious resurrection on the day of judgment.

Easter is our guarantee of future resurrection. The cemetery is "God's Acre," where human bodies are sown in corruption to rise one day in incorruption, that

is, glorified. The word "cemetery" originally meant "a place to sleep in." It is therefore the resting place of the dead, for the bodies of the dead reposing there will rise at the sound of the trumpet on judgment day to be reunited to the souls that are waiting for them, that together they may enjoy the happiness of heaven for all eternity.

The sacrament of penance restores to the soul its life, grace, which was taken away by sin.

We wish you a Happy Easter.

Splinters From the Cross

Little headaches, little heartaches,
Little griefs of every day,
Little trials and vexations,
How they throng around our way!
One great cross, immense and heavy,
So it seems to our weak will,
Might be borne with resignation,
But these many small ones kill.

Yet all life is formed of small things,
Little leaves make up the trees,
Many tiny drops of water
Blending, make the mighty seas.
So these many little burdens,
Pressing on our hearts so hard,
All uniting, form a life's work,
Meriting a grand reward.

Let us not then by impatience,
Mar the beauty of the whole,
But for love of Jesus bear all
In the silence of our soul,
Asking Him for grace sufficient
To sustain us through each loss,
And to treasure each small offering
As a splinter from His Cross.

Letter Box

The editor is pleased with the response to the Letter Box and wants the good work to go on. We are certain that there are many readers of the "Corner" who have been satisfied to enjoy the letters and other pleasing features the past few years and who have never written a line asking for admission. Now we wish to state once more that all, big or little, wide or narrow, short or tall, thick or thin, black or white, red or yellow, or others who do not come under these specifications, are welcome to the "Corner." How can the editor tell that one wishes to join unless admission be asked for?

There are others who wrote long ago and then promptly withdrew, or at least have kept silent. Now, honestly, do you think that that is fair? You girls and boys who first helped to make the "Corner" a success, why are you silent? If you do not care to write just common, ordinary letters to an uninteresting editor that you do not know, please remember that your let-

ters are read by boys and girls in practically every state in the Union, and in Canada, in England, in Africa, in India and we cannot tell where else. We should like letters from the Indian children, from the Chinese and Japanese and from every race. Why does no one in England write? What is the matter with France, and Spain and sunny Italy? The editor is determined to make this Letter Box a live wire and a marvelous success, and we shall keep hammering away until we receive such a deluge of letters that we shall have to call for help to dispose of them. Come on! Pens ready! 1, 2, 3. Go!

We have often wished for original stories from the Cornerites. Mary Gallagher of Rosary High School, Chicago, has "broken the ice" by sending us the following interesting story, to which we gladly give space in the "Corner." There are other readers of the "Corner" who are able to write good stories too. Let us have at least one for each month. But this means you who read these lines. If you wait for your neighbor to write, we shall never see another story by one of the Cornerites. Get to work and help to make the "Corner" more and more interesting for each month's visit.

An April Fool Joke

I have a girl chum whose name is Helen. She is the jolliest, most good-natured, most generous chum a girl could possibly have. She had two smaller twin sisters. They are never called by any names but Twinnies. Their correct names are Mary and Alice. They have a Newfoundland dog named Jocko.

On the night before April Fool as Helen said good night to the Twinnies, she told them, "If you two can play just one April fool joke on me tomorrow before your bedtime, I'll buy you each an ice cream soda." This pleased the twins immensely, as they thought it would be very easy to fool Helen. And they even decided on what kind of a soda they'd have.

"Helen, wake up! Mary is on the phone and wants to speak to you." But Helen didn't get up, though she confessed to me later that for a moment she hesitated as to whether I had really called or not. All day the Twinnies tried to fool Helen, till Helen said she was afraid to turn around for fear they'd call "April Fool." Finally Alice said, "Helen I do wish you'd be befooled once."

That evening about half an hour before the twins' bedtime Helen was sitting on the steps of the house, secretly congratulating herself on not being fooled. Looking at her wrist watch, she saw that the tiny hands pointed to 25 minutes of eight, only 25 minutes then over to Mary's to play that new game. Suddenly she felt a long cold nose thrust into her hands and then a tongue licking her face. Helen turned, gave one look and yelled, "A Bear! A Bear!" A big shout rang out, "We're befooled you. We're befooled you. We're going to get a sodie. Mine's choche. What's yours?" Helen turned from the top step, which she had reached in her flight and saw the twins petting the bear, and pulling its fur off and saying, "cause you must be just terribly hot, Jocko." Then it flashed on Helen—the old bear skin had been put on Jocko. And as he always did when the twins dressed him up, he came to Helen to have her take the bear skin off him. She laughed good naturedly. "But did you Twins think of that yourselves?" Helen questioned.

"No, Grandpa thought it. We wanted to him and sed that if he'd help us play an April befool joke on you we sed we was going to give him some sodie water. So he helped us. He ask us if when we dressed Jocko up, he always wanted to you to take the clothes off. We

said he always did. Then he told us to get the bear-skin in the library. When we brought it and tried to make it stay on Jocko he always wiggled it off. But Grandpa fixed it on good. So come on Helen let's get the sodie. Grandpa's comin' too!"

"Yes, he certainly is," assented Helen, "and I think Jocko ought to come too. Don't you? We'll go right away because it is getting late for you to be out."

They called for me on the way. In the drug store I think everybody knew of the April Fool joke Helen was "befooled" with. The Twins had all the soda they could take, and went to bed very happy.

Mary Gallagher.

Rosary High School, 118 N. Mayfield Ave., Chicago.

A fly and a flea in a flue
Were imprisoned. Now what could they do?
Said the fly, "Let us flee!"
"Let us fly," said the flea.
So they flew through a flaw in the flue.—Exchange.

How Bobby Earned his Sled

Bobby stood looking out the parlor window at the boys coasting down the hill on their sleds. He had been promised a sled for Christmas but Dad had forgotten and given him an airedale instead; of course Bobby had been very glad to get the dog and had named him Ted, but still a dog isn't a sled and Bobby had told Dad so and he had promised to get him a sled too, but that was over a week ago. Bobby wished Dad would hurry as he was missing all the fun that followed the blizzard. As Bobby stood there with his face pressed to the window his thoughts turned from the sled which he hoped to get soon, to the boy that had moved in next door a few days before. Bobby had thought that as soon as the people's furniture was in the house that he and Ted would go over and introduce themselves, but Mother had said that they must wait for a few days at least.

Just then Bobby heard his Dad call from the hall: "Say, Bob, if I were you I would shovel a path out to the chicken coop and wood shed so that every time Mother has to go out in the yard she won't have to plow through the snow." And, as Bobby paused at the door, he added: "And if you knew what a reward you were going to get you wouldn't hesitate a second."

"I ain't hesitatin', Dad, I'm jes' tryin' to remember where I am goin' to find the shovel. You know I can't do it without that," laughed Bobby as he ran out into the kitchen.

A few minutes later he walked into the yard with the shovel on his shoulder. He had found it in the place he least expected it to be, where it belonged, and began to shovel vigorously. After he had been at work for a few minutes, the shovel struck something hard. Greatly excited, Bobby uncovered the object which proved to be a sled, a red sled with "BOB" written on it in green letters. Very proudly Bobby drew it around to the back of the house to show it to Mother. As he was turning the corner of the house, he bumped into and almost knocked down a boy of about his own age and size.

"Hullo! who are you? and where do you come from?" asked Bobby of the stranger.

"Who me?" asked the other.

"Yes you," answered Bobby.

"Why I am the boy that moved in next door the other day, I came over to see if you would come coasting with me. There is a dandy hill down the block. Will you?"

"Surest thing I will. Just look at the swell sled I dug up," answered Bobby.

"Why that is my sled, I left it in the alley that separates the two houses. Why my name is even on it."

"Gee, is your name Bobby too?" and Bobby told his new friend how his father had promised him a sled and about the great reward "and," he concluded, "I am very sorry that the sled isn't mine."

After seeing his new friend go down the hill, Bobby shoveled again a short time and again the shovel struck something hard. Even more excited than before, Bobby uncovered it. This time it was a yellow sled with blue lettering, and there was no mistaking whose it was as Dad's card was tied on it with a cord. Waving his hand to Mother, Bobby went coasting with the other Bobby.

Mercedes Wynne,

124 Featherbed Lane, Bronx.

1408 E. Oak St., New Albany, Ind., Feb. 15, 1924.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

I am writing this letter to ask admission to the "Letter Box." I read the "Grail" and I think it is fine especially the "Letter Box."

Now I think you will like to know about me. I am twelve years old and in the seventh grade. My birthday will be next month and I am going to write you about my birthday. I have two brothers and two sisters, all of whom are younger than I. My sister is eight years old, and is in the third grade. Her name is Virginia. I have another one named Dorothy who is six years old and in the first grade. Then I have two brothers one four years old named Eugene, and Anthony one year old.

I go to Holy Trinity Church and School and my teacher's name is Sister Helen Rita. We have Mass every morning at eight o'clock and then have school until half past eleven. In the afternoon we have school until half past three except on Friday afternoons when we get out at three. Our school has a basketball team and Father (John) Rodutsky coaches us. I am on the third team. The first team has won about five games and lost about six. We practice at the Catholic Community Center. One week we practice on Monday, Wednesday and Friday and St. Mary's School on Tuesday and Thursday. Then the next week we change days. Now since I am just a beginner I think I ought to stop and leave space for the rest. But I'll say one more thing, why don't some one write to the "Letter Box?" In the February edition there wasn't a letter. Nobody even tried for the letter contest. Write, Write, Write.

Next time I'll tell you about New Albany.

Hoping my letter will be printed, I will close.

Your new nephew,

Stanley McKinley.

P. S. My opinion of those puzzles is to keep on putting them in. They're fine and dandy.

Welcome Stanley. Come again real soon. Send some puzzles. Thank you for the jokes.

620 E. Broadway, Louisville, Ky., Feb. 16, 1924.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

At last I am asking to join the "Corner." I may be among the last, but I hope not least, for I really intend to be a faithful member.

When "The Grail" arrived this morning I scanned the "Letter Box" with eager eyes, but alas, it was empty. Well, it served me right, for I have been enjoying "The Grail" for years and have contributed not even one letter.

I will tell you about myself. I have greenish grey eyes, brown bobbed hair, with a few recently cut bangs. I am in a Catholic high school, and love reading, music, pets, dancing, and sports, especially tennis and swimming.

Cornerites, do any of you ice-skate? If you can, you have my sincere respect. We don't have many "freezes" here in Louisville, but when we do, somehow, nearly all the city knows how. I made my first attempt several weeks ago. Full of enthusiasm and confidence, I started for the pond. What occurred there, I dare not repeat but I returned home tired, stiff, and sore. Although I was a little disappointed, I intend to conquer that art yet.

I have been rather bold in writing so much for the first time, but it will help fill the wastebasket, if nothing else. Aunt Agnes, I think that we all appreciate the "Letter Box," but some of us haven't recovered from our mid-year exams, eh Cornerites?

Hoping to find more letters next time,

I remain sincerely,

Angel-child.

Glad you made a start. Hope you'll persevere.

552 Stewart St., Peterboro, Ontario, Canada,
16 February, 1924.

Dear Aunt Agnes,—

I wish to come to the "Corner" as a newcomer and reply to the invitation of the February issue of the "Grail."

Peterboro is a city of 25,000 inhabitants and is one of the largest power manufacturing centres of Ontario outside of Niagara Falls. A river passes through here known as the Otonabee river and on it there are three power houses in less than a mile. It is known as the Electric City and all its factories are run by electrical power. These are:—Canadian General Electric Works, manufacturers of all kinds of electrical machinery; The Quaker Oats Company of Akron, Ohio; The Westelox Company of Peru, Ill; Nashua Paper Company, of Nashua, Vermont; The De Laval Company, manufacturers of dairy supplies; Peterboro Lock Manufacturing Company, makers of all kinds of door locks; The Peterboro Canal Company manufacturers of all kinds of water craft; Canadian Woollens, makers of woollen goods; Briton Carpet Works, manufacturers and dealers in all kinds of carpets and rugs; The Canadian Packing Company, a branch of one of the largest pork packing firms in Ontario; J. J. Turner and Sons Limited, makers and dealers in all kinds of camping supplies.

Peterboro is the main city on the route of the Trent Valley Canal. This is a direct water inroad to the Kawartha Lakes Summer Resorts. Probably many of the cornerites from the U. S., who read this letter, have passed through the Canal.

Besides being a manufacturing centre, the city also has plenty of educational facilities. There are six public schools and one Collegiate Institute for public education. The Catholic students attend four separate schools and a Catholic High School of which I am a student. There is also a Normal School here for teachers in training.

Peterboro is served by the Canadian Pacific and Canadian National Railways. It is on the main line between Montreal and Toronto. A person can make a trip to Toronto from here in a little less than three hours.

I would like to hear from some of the other Cornerites from across the border. think I have said enough for a new-comer. I am, as ever,

Yours truly,

Gregory Casticum.

Happy, indeed, to admit you, Gregory. Come often. Hope other boys will follow your example. The girls are in the lead. Wonder if the boys are too bashful? "Pep up!" boys.

112 Sixth St., E. Cambridge, Mass., Feb. 20, 1924.

Dear Aunt,

Today as we have no school I thought I would take the pleasure of writing you a few lines. I am going to school every day and study in the fifth reader.

The name of our school is Sacred Heart, taught by the Sisters of St. Joseph. It is a good school. I have not been there for a week on account of being sick.

I was going to start today but the weather was too stormy.

Well, dear Aunt, I think this is all for present. Hoping to hear from the readers in the future, I am,

Yours,

Cassie DeWolfe.

124 Featherbed Lane, New York City, N. Y.,
Feb. 18, 1924.

Dear Cornerites,

Here I am again with a letter written to you all, and I hope you will all read it, if it is printed. This is the first time I ever wrote a letter on a typewriter and the only reason I am using it now is because last Sunday on my way to church I slipped on the ice and split the two main bones of my right wrist more than an inch apart so I cannot write as it is now in a plaster-cast.

I was very disappointed when I received the February "Grail" to find that no letters had been received and that the "Letter Box" was closed, but I hope that it will open in the March "Grail" with more letters than ever.

I wrote to the "Grail" twice before and both times you have been kind enough to print my letters, so I hope you will print this one too. I am very interested in the letter contest and I hope to take part in the one on "My Favorite Catholic Magazine" and also on "My Favorite Book," but in the latter one I am afraid I will have some trouble as I am a book-worm and have many favorites.

I am twelve years old and in the sixth grade at St. Catharine's Academy. My favorite out-door sport is horse-back-riding, my favorite horse is a big chestnut mare called "Lucy," which is a movie horse.

I hope that all who read this letter will write to me and I promise to answer all the letters that I receive.

Your friend,

Mercedes Wynne.

Please use the typewriter again. Sorry your arm was broken.

1012 Ursuline St., New Orleans, La.,
Feb. 20, 1924

My Dear Aunt Agnes,

Here I am a newcomer introducing myself. My name is Anna and I am in the fourth grade. I am nine years old, and will be ten on the Fourth of July.

I read about the Corner being deserted, so I thought I'd write but being my first letter to the Corner I hope you will not find it so bad.

I go to the St. Louis Cathedral Church every Sunday for Holy Mass, and also go to the Cathedral School, or Sacred Heart School, as it is also called.

I am the eldest of five children, and the only girl. The baby being only fifteen months old, I am surely kept busy with him. In the morning, I go on errands for mother, then bring my brothers to school. When school is over I got to be with baby again, till supper time. After supper I attend to my studies and homework, which when done I am so tired that my eyes give out.

Excuse my mistakes. I will write more some other time. I do enjoy reading the Grail every month, and

the Children's Corner, and hope to see my letter in the Grail that others may also hear of me.

Your Little Niece,

Anna Bertha Markezich.

Gurley Ave., Cincinnati, O., Feb. 18, 1924.

Dear Editor:

I wish to express my regret for being so neglectful. Tho' I must confess, this is my first letter to the "Box." But that is being neglectful. I want to tell you I hope you will receive a deluge of letters as you said and I will try to be one of the most faithful members of the "Corner."

Last Wednesday. I was having heaps of fun playing in the snow. I tried to make a snow man but to my surprise it turned out to be a snow woman. It didn't matter much to me.

At school the girls from the fifth grade to the eighth were having a snowball fight. We had fun. A few hit me but not with much force. The boys came over and chased us away with the snowballs we made. Well, it is getting late so I will close.

Yours faithfully,

Flora Theobald.

Glad to have you join.

118 N. Mayfield Ave., Chicago, Ill., Feb. 23, 1924.

Dear Aunt Agnes and Cornerites.

When I looked at the Corner this month and saw no letters, I was disagreeably surprised. When I read what you said about the Cornerites "pepping," I thought the Cornerites certainly ought to "pep up" and keep the corner as interesting as it has been in the past.

Though you have never received anything from me before. I have enjoyed reading the "Grail" very much. The stories, puzzles, poems, the corner, etc., are always so interesting.

For the past two years I was at boarding school, so I only saw the "Grail" four months out of twelve.

I am interested in your "Letter Contest" and I thought I'd like to try for the certificate and the print of one of those beautiful paintings. I was so sorry when I picked up the "Grail" last night and saw it was too late to write for the March subject.

Mary Gallagher.

Thanks for contribution, Mary. Come again.

Centocow, P. O. Braecroft, S. Africa,
30th of September, 1923.

Dear Auntie,

I fulfill a very pleasant duty in writing these few lines to you. About two years ago, I wrote a letter to you in which I told you much about my parents and my own life and occupations. Therefore I shall not stay to tell you again about that, but I am going to tell you about something else.

On the 17th of July there came from far-off places a good number (35) of our native catechists for their annual retreat and conference which were held from the 18th to the 27th of July. It is really touching to see this little party of our own natives now trying to take part in the spreading of our Catholic Church among their poor countrymen, many of whom are still slaves of the dark superstitions and old heathen habits.

The catechists were instructed by two priests who came to Centocow just for that purpose. One of them was Rev. Father Cyprian, of Mariannhill, who untiringly gave them catechetical instructions; the other was a native priest, Rev. Father Edward, the first of the four native priests of the Mariannhill Mission. Every day he said the last holy Mass, and every day in the morning and evening he had to sit for a long time

in the confessional box, for many natives liked to confess to him.

On Wednesday, 25th of July, there came another native priest, Rev. Father Andrew, and he also addressed the catechists.

Rev. Father Andrew as a boy was brought up at Centocow till he was sent to Rome for study and came back as a priest.

Oh, let all the little readers of the "Corner" pray that the Catholic Church may spread throughout our country and continent, and that the efforts of our beloved Bishop the Rt. Rev. Adalbero Fleischer, Vicar Apostolic of Mariannhill, who this year opens a school to train young natives for the priesthood, may be crowned with success. I remain, dear Auntie,

Your sincere niece,
Johanna Dhlamini.

A splendid letter, Johanna. Please do not wait two years until you write again. Ask your friends to write.

Kevelaer M. Station, P. O. Donnybrook,
Natal, S. Africa.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

As stated in my last letter, I have now been personally attending the Second Children's Triduum. This was a great enterprise; 1300 persons came together to make a happy family.

"When shall we have again a Triduum?" was a question to be heard from nearly every native child who had attended the first Triduum in May, 1921, conducted by the Mariannhill Missionaries at Centocow to promote the love of Jesus in the Sacrament of the Altar. It seemed the dear Fathers considered the Zulu saying: "When it (a dog) has got a bone somewhere, it frequents the place," (It ingadhla itambo, ijwayele"), since they arranged the Second Triduum again at Centocow.

On a fine Friday morning, the 28th September, 1923, all bound for Centocow, had prepared their personal baggage and boxes (if they had any) and were marching steadily on to reach their destination not later than at the sunny time of the sunny place. The children were to arrive in well ordered groups. The first such group to enter Centocow was from Reichenau Mission Station, closely followed by those from Clairvaux and Citeaux Mission. These three groups were coming from the North. Before crossing the Umzinkulu River, the children were arranged in two and two and then ceremoniously entered, the bells of the parish church resounding the joy and zeal of the comers, till they entered the Sacred Heart Church. In like manner came the Kevelaer Mission group, the St. Catharine group, and the latest, but the largest of all, the Lourdes Mission group with its intimate ally, the Emaus Mission group, and its splendid brass band which was playing at the head of the procession. My children were in the Kevelaer group, which was the smallest of all. It was a grand sight to witness the ceremonious entry made by the different schools.

At 4 o'clock p. m. all groups had arrived, although some of them had walked a distance no less than 12 hours. After a hearty welcome on their arrival, they were led to their respective lodging places. On each door a timetable had been put up. The first item called the children to the first sermon in the new Sacred Heart Church. The Superior of Centocow Mission, Rev. A. Schwamberger, delivered it and quoted two stories from the Holy Bible, that of the Lord blessing the children brought to Him by their mothers and that of the Lord calling a child to settle the dispute among His disciples. The sermon was listened to with great zeal and attention.

The children were tired, and sleeping consequently

became imperative. Supper was served in several quarters by several cooks. What a dreadful plenty of food was necessary to feed all! Each child paid 1/6 (one shilling, six pence) to contribute at least a little to the expenses the Mission had by lodging and feeding so many.

The rising time was at 5.30 a. m. and accordingly all rose up to prepare for Holy Mass. At 6 o'clock the Rev. Superior of Centocow said High Mass with V. Rev. E. Hanish and Rev. E. Mueller as Assistants. Three sermons were delivered each day. The second sermon was preached by Rev. B. Helmstetter. About 10 o'clock all children went to the Cemetery to pray for the faithful departed. A long procession of worshippers marching by fours was to be seen covering a distance of about half a mile long. The Rev. Fathers, too, joined the procession. "Back to the church for the 3rd Sermon!" said the programme. This was preached by Rev. A. Ngidi, a secular native priest. His Lordship, the Rt. Rev. A. Fleischer, R. M. M., was to come at 4 o'clock p. m., and he did come solely to participate in the labour undertaken by and for the little ones of Jesus. On his arrival, he blessed that huge mass which stood and gazed at their Vicar Apostolic with love and reverence. Then all went into the Church waiting there till the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament be given by the Lord Bishop. This having taken place, Rev. F. Weiss gave instruction on the Sacrament of Penance, after which his Lordship delivered a hearty speech to the children.

On the following morning (Sunday) at 5.30, the children prepared for Holy Mass wherein they received Holy Communion, having made their confessions during the intervals on Saturday. The three Sermons on Sunday were preached by the Rev. Fathers, M. Bruno, E. Hanish and B. Feuer. At 10 o'clock his Lordship celebrated a Pontifical High Mass in front of the old church, so that all were able to attend. The Lourdes' Choir added greatly to the solemnity of the festivity. After High Mass a beautiful procession with the Blessed Sacrament, carried by His Lordship, wound its way through the rather small paths round the Church. The long line of boys and girls from the different mission stations with their respective banners, the faithful reciting the rosary, the singers chanting psalms to the music of the band, sent a thrill through each heart.

Benediction in the new church followed the procession, and when, after Benediction, the "Te Deum" was sung in Zulu by all present, the church resounded the whole-heartedness and gratitude of the singers.

On Monday, Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by the Lord Abbot, Gerard Wolpert, R. M. M. All children received holy Communion in this Holy Mass. The Rt. Rev. Father Abbot delivered also the final Sermon. It was on how we ought to venerate Our Lady and to offer ourselves to her for protection and why we should do so.

The rest of the day was spent as follows: Rev. B. Helmstetter took a photo of the teachers, then of each Mission group, one after the other. "Off to the plantation!" was the next cry of the organiser after photographing. The day being fine, a big crowd went to the forest to witness and enjoy the picnic. After a brief rest, the different groups began to play and sing, one after the other, the band of Lourdes chiming in at the intervals. The entertainment was enhanced by a competition of the three choirs of Centocow, Lourdes and Reichenau. Each choir had to sing three songs and a judge was put over them. At the close of the songs, Reichenau Boarding School was pronounced to have carried the day. Owing to their rival instinct there was some dissatisfaction among the competitors, but all was soon peacefully settled.

Like everything in this world, the good time at Centocow came to an end. Whether I shall be so fortunate as to get again such an opportunity in future, rests with God; but by no means shall I forget this happy event. Thanks, a thousand thanks to our Rt. Rev. Lord Bishop, our Rt. Rev. Father Abbot and to all our good Fathers, the zealous Missionaries of Mariannahill! May God be blessed at all times here no less than hereafter!

Hoping my letter, however poor, will please you, dear Aunt Agnes, and all the dear Cornerites, always

Your big nephew,
Anton J. Kuboni.

Your letters, Anton, are most enjoyable. We hope you will find time to favor us again very soon.

Letter Contest

To encourage our Boys and Girls to write interesting and worthwhile letters to the "Corner," we have opened a letter contest. As was announced some months ago, a beautiful prize is offered each month for the best letter to the contest. Read the following rules very carefully and see if you cannot be a prize-winner.

LETTER CONTEST RULES

Each letter must be original.

Write in ink, or use typewriter, if possible.

Use one side only of the paper.

Leave a margin of three inches at top of first page.

Leave margin at each side of page.

Sign your name and address at the right, and your age and grade at the left.

As prize for the best letter of the month we shall give a certificate together with a print of one of Abbey's beautiful paintings, of which there are fifteen, representing scenes from the legend of the "Holy Grail." Both the certificate and the print are suitable for framing.

But one prize will be given each month.

Letters for the contest must reach the "Corner" seven weeks before the date of publication, for example, those intended for the June number of "The Grail" must be in by April 25th. The subject for June is, "My Favorite Catholic Book. Why?"

Here is a good chance for Grammar and English classes to earn very nice prizes. You must write more or less. Coax your teachers to permit you to write upon the topics in "The Grail." The prizes are ready to mail. We want some worthwhile letters upon these subjects.

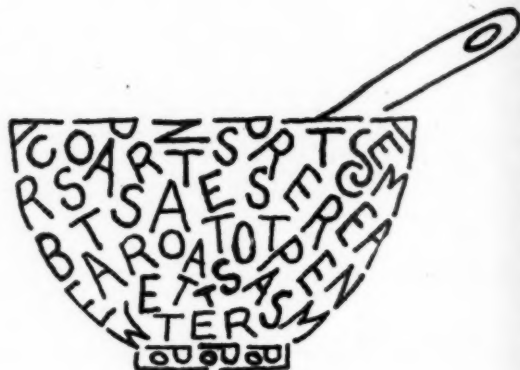
Address all letters to Agnes Brown Hering, Royal, Nebraska.

Puzzles

Come on with the puzzles. We want puzzles and more puzzles. Send conundrums, mathematical puzzles, geographical puzzles historical puzzles—all sorts of puzzles.

A word of one syllable, easy and short,
Reads backward and forward the same;
It expresses the sentiments warm from the heart,
And to beauty lays principal claim.

I am a word of five letters. You will find me in every room of your house. If you drop the first letter, you will have something possessed by every human being. If you drop the second letter, you will find something that no one can do without. My last two letters are the ninth and the eighteenth of the alphabet. What am I?—Frances M. Hart, Brighton, Mass.



A Bowl of --- What?

By arranging properly the 62 letters that form this soup bowl, you will find the names of ten ingredients which mother uses in making a well-known soup. What soup is it? What are the ingredients?

Last Month's Puzzles

Jumbled names of cities in the United States: Lansing, Tallahassee, Sacramento, Boise, Springfield, Harrisburg, Oklahoma City, Milwaukee, Madison, Austin, San Antonio, Cheyenne.

Conundrums: The newspaper is black and white and red (read) all over; beef was highest when the cow jumped over the moon; the rooster's head is flesh and its mouth is horn; a road goes up the hill and does not move.

Arithmetical Puzzle: The numbers equal 15 whether you read them horizontally, vertically, or diagonally.

8	1	6
3	5	7
4	9	2

Correct answers were given by: Mary Margaret Fenske, Steubenville O., Florence Haage, New York City, Frances M. Hart, Brighton, Mass., Estelle Dubois, Holyoke, Mass., Stanley McKinley, New Albany, Ind., Anna Bertha Markezich, New Orleans, La.

Exchange Smiles

(Contributed by Stanley McKinley)

"I am glad that you find my sermon instructive, Mrs. Goodly," the young minister declared with deep appreciation.

"Indeed, I do, sir," the old lady replied enthusiastically.

"Why we never really knew what sin was in this place until you came among us, sir."

In the sixth grade the teacher was questioning a boy about Napoleon's disastrous invasions of Russia and the subsequent retreat from Moscow.

"What did the French do then?" she asked.

"They ran away," replied the boy.

"Yes, that is what they did," said the teacher, "but 'ran away' is hardly the correct expression to use. What should you have said?"

The boy's face lighted up with understanding.

"They beat it!" he explained quite proudly.

David's mother asked her little son to go into a darkened hall to fetch an article to her.

"I'm afraid," said he. "There's a bear in there."

"There's no bear in there," his mother replied.
 "I know there isn't," said David, "but I think there is, and that's just as bad."

"Here, boy," said the wealthy motorist, "I want some gasoline and please get a move on! You will never get anywhere in the world unless you have push. Push is essential. When I was young I pushed and that was what got me where I am."

"Well, guv'nur," said the boy, "I reckon you'll have to push again, 'cause we aint got a drop of gas in the place."

Catholic Students' Mission Crusade

ST. MEINRAD SEMINARY UNIT

Although the principal aim of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade is to educate our American youth to the needs of the Catholic Missions and to inflame their hearts with zeal, nevertheless, we may correctly consider prayer for the missions as the noblest duty of the Crusader. Often, however, the spiritual activities of the Unit are overlooked in the fervor of mission study and the excitement of raising funds.

The St. Meinrad Seminary Unit, realizing the importance of prayer and the ease with which it is often neglected, decided to adopt a definite system for its spiritual activities. The measure finally determined upon was the "Prayer Leaflet Plan." This comprises the preparation of a monthly leaflet drawn up in suitable form the salient features of which are special prayers for the mission cause and four short paragraphs in explanation of the weekly intentions. These leaflets are distributed to the members of the Crusade Unit and at a regular time each day the prayers are recited in common by the entire student body.

The Prayer Leaflet Plan has given a wonderful stimulus to the spirit of mission prayer in the hearts of our Crusaders and as a natural result of this constant daily reminder of the Crusade and the cause which it espouses, the students have experienced a renewed interest in the activities of the Unit and reawakened zeal for the cause of God's missions.

In October when the first leaflet appeared, three hundred were required for local use. Since then, a gradual effort has been made to propagate the prayer leaflet idea and other Units have been offered the use of the leaflet prepared and published by the St. Meinrad Seminary Unit. Now almost 2500 are being printed each month and the demand for them is steadily increasing.

We feel confident that daily common prayer for the missions through the adoption of a periodically appearing prayer leaflet will work the same happy effects for other Units, which it has for our own. If your Crusaders are apt to overlook the spiritual phase of Crusade activities, if interest in the missions is flagging, and, furthermore, if you wish to make better use of the most powerful means of grace at your disposal, don't fail to consider the Prayer Leaflet Plan. For further information and sample copies of prayer leaflets,

write to the St. Meinrad Seminary Unit, C. S. M. C., St. Meinrad Indiana.

At some time in the life of almost every man there comes a desire to do great deeds for the benefit of his fellow man. The record of heroic men in the past arouses a desire to imitate them, while heroic men of the present day beckon others to follow in their footsteps.

Seminarians especially hear this call urging them to devote themselves freely. But preparation is first necessary, and this they more fully realize as the dawn of their active ministry draws nigh. In the days of preparation, however, the missionary zeal will not be stilled. And so the Seminarians themselves unable to go forth, have chosen the next best means by sending abroad five little missionaries to make their appeal. These missionaries do not go to the far-off mission lands; neither do they preach the Gospel. But, without charge, they go to other seminaries and colleges, inspiring the students with a love for the missions and filling their hearts with the spirit of sacrifice and charity; they visit the nuns to seek their prayers; and they call on the parochial schools, there to enlist new recruits.

Our illustrated lectures are our missionaries. Five of them are now in the field and another is soon to follow. The first, general and historic, traces the mission activities from the time of Christ and the Apostles up to the present day. Then Africa, China, the Philippines, and India tell the stories of their respective missions and of their special needs. By these missionaries the zealous message of our Crusaders is carried to others, and though we remain at home our interest in the missions is spread throughout the country.

A band of zealous Crusaders recently organized the "Mission Shoe Shining Corporation" and set up a shining parlor in the Seminary Recreation Hall. Business boomed from the start and the volunteer bootblacks had to keep brushes flying and rags snapping. The net profit of the first week, \$10.33, was given over to the Unit treasury. The shining parlor proved so popular and efficient that it has been made a permanent affair—open for business every Saturday evening immediately after supper.

Baling of paper goes merrily on in the Mission Paper Shed, but the muddy roads make it impossible to ship for the present. However, when the golden sun of Springtime and the balmy breezes of March usher in a season of fine weather and inviting highways, the paper will be shipped at once. The Seminary Unit realizes about two hundred dollars a year from the scrap clippings of the "Grail."

Mission letters, pictures, and other appropriate literature neatly posted on the Mission Bulletin Board are a source of great interest to the Crusader Seminar-

ians. At almost any time during recreation, little groups will be seen gathered about the Bulletin Board, perusing and discussing the matter displayed. This serves to keep the individual members of the Unit informed as to Crusade activities and encourages their interest in the work. Careful selection, attractive arrangement, and frequent renewal of the Mission propaganda are essential points of the bulletin program.

Abbey and Seminary

—February 22nd, Washington's Birthday, was kept in the usual manner. The seminarians gave an after-supper program in their recreation hall.

—On March 2nd the Mission Crusade entertained with a "movie" show. Shakespeare's King Lear was thrown upon the screen. The closing number was "Andy Gump on Diet," a prelude to the approaching Lenten season. The receipts went to the mission fund.

—On the evening before Ash Wednesday the Mission Crusade staged "The Little Red School," which was likewise a mission benefit affair. This was followed by the raffle for the improvements to be made in the Sodality Chapel. The winner of the first prize, an eight-day Westminster Quarter Hour Chime Clock, was Mr. Henry Meyer, of St. Meinrad; the electric vacuum cleaner went to Miss Ida Beckmann, of Ferdinand; a beautiful large oil painting, the Sistine Madonna, made to order, will decorate the home of Mrs. J. Uphaus, at Terre Haute; with the aid of the radio set H. J. Guedelhofer, of Indianapolis, will be able to listen in to the secrets that fly about us through land and sky and sea; the twenty-dollar gold piece will furnish Bernard Kiefer, a student of the College, with candy and gum for a few days at least; the combination set, gold pen and pencil, became the property of Mr. P. Doerhoefer, who lives at Louisville; prize number seven, a sick call outfit, will serve Mr. A. W. Berger and family, of Jasper.—How will this money be expended? Better ask how it can be stretched to cover the various needs to which it is to be put. In the first place, the whole chapel will have to be renovated, then a suitable altar with statue of the Immaculate Conception is to be bought, a new communion railing will be placed in the sanctuary, stained glass windows are to replace those now in use, etc., etc. Of course, the money thus far obtained will help to do some of these things. Possibly some of those who spent many hours of their student days within these sacred walls may feel inspired to perpetuate their names therein for the honor and glory of God and His Blessed Mother. (But we are not saying this above an audible whisper, just *sub rosa*,—beneath the rose bush—to avoid a possible avalanche.) A benefactor has already donated two large ciboriums at fifty dollars each. Are you next?

—Ash Wednesday, which fell on March 2nd, ushered in the season of fasting and other penitential works. The ashes were blessed by the Rt. Rev. Abbot in pontificals at the throne. F. Richard celebrated the solemn

High Mass that followed the distribution of the ashes.

—The feast of St. Thomas Aquinas fell on the first Friday this year. In preparation for this feast a triduum was held with Benediction after High Mass each morning. The solemn High Mass of the feast was celebrated, with the Blessed Sacrament exposed, by the Very Rev. F. Albert, Rector of the Seminary. After the Gospel Father Thomas delivered the festive sermon. The musical program began with the "Adoro Te," congregational, at the exposition. The proper of the Mass was sung by the monastic choir, while the *Kyrie*, *Gloria*, *Sanctus*, and *Agnus Dei* were very creditably rendered by the chancel choir under the direction of Father Thomas. The *Credo*, Gregorian, was sung alternately by both choirs. At the Communion of the Mass an "O Sacrum Convivium" was sung. After Benediction followed "Grosser Gott."

—Father Columban officiated at the solemn High Mass on the feast of St. Gregory the Great, O. S. B., patron of Gregorian chant, which is customarily celebrated by one of the chanters. The charming "Missa de Angelis" reminds one of Gregory, Angles, and Angels.

—The twenty-fifth anniversary of the ordination of the class of '99 occurs on May 25th. Of this class Rev. William Healy, who was ordained for Denver, did not long survive; Rev. Walter Cronin is pastor of St. Mary's Church, Richmond, Indiana; Rev. Peter Goelzhauser is pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Enfield, Illinois; Rev. Werner J. Goldman, Alma, Kansas; Rev. Theodore Wolters, of the Diocese of Peoria, Illinois, is listed in the Catholic Directory as absent on sick leave; Rev. Celestine Sander, O. S. B., is pastor at St. Meinrad; Rev. Louis Fuchs, O. S. B., is at the head of the agricultural department at St. Meinrad Abbey.

—While there has been scarcely enough snow all the past winter to make a respectable snow man, March came in, more or less according to ancient tradition, like a roaring lion with bristling mane and lashing tail. The weather was cold and a snow storm was in progress on the tenth. The weather man may have been making up for lost time.

Book Notices

"Hans and His Mother," by Henry Brenner, O. S. B., is an old familiar narrative turned into graceful verse, summed up at the end in a forceful moral lesson. It is attractive both in its printing and binding. Obtainable from the author, St. Meinrad Abbey, St. Meinrad, Indiana. 25 cents. H. D.

From "The America Press," Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y., come two new pamphlet publications: "Papini's Prayer to Christ," translated by Veronica Dwight, and, "Intelligence Tests," by Rev. Austin G. Schmidt, S. J., Ph. D. The latter has six short chapters: Can Intelligence be Measured? What does a Mental Scale Measure? Do we Measure Native Ability? How Well do Tests Measure? Classroom Uses of Tests, The Qualities of a Mental Scale. The price of each is ten cents. 50 copies, \$4; 100 copies, \$7; 1000 copies, \$50, individually or assorted.



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

The Old Maid

LITTLE Miss Delaney came down the street, basket on arm, on her way to the meat market. People called her 'little, shrivelled old maid,' and she lived in a small frame cottage in the center of the block, where she eked out a living by taking in plain sewing. Her life had been one long trail of duty and sacrifice. First, her mother having died, she took upon herself the care of her younger brothers and sisters. These having grown up, married and moved away, there still remained her poor old disabled father, helpless and requiring constant attention. Faithfully she sewed, from morn till night, earning thereby a comfortable living for both.

Then came big, honest, broad-shouldered Hal Brennan, who sought Mamie Delaney for his own, but a month before the wedding, he fell from the iron framework of a sky-scraper, where he was a riveter, and Mamie's dream of happiness vanished. Later, old Mr. Delaney was called to his reward and Mamie was left all alone. Since then, twenty years had flown by, leaving her 'high and dry,' as some of the more contemptuous ones put it, but He, Who looks into the hearts of men, saw each day an added drop of honeyed sweetness distilled within the fair chalice of her heart, unbeknownst to those who judged only her wrinkled, un-beautiful exterior.

Arrived at the butcher's shop, she met two or three neighbors, who greeted her kindly enough, and discussed various neighborhood topics, together with the jovial butcher. Suddenly the door opened, and a woman of about 45 entered, gaunt, stern-faced, and rebellious-eyed. She merely looked at the neighbors, and would have passed them without any salutation, but several of them bade her good morning, to which she reluctantly replied in kind.

'How much are those rabbits?' she inquired in a gruff, hoarse voice.

'Forty cents apiece,' replied the butcher.

'All right; I'll be back.' The woman left, looking neither to right or left.

'She has to tell her husband the price of everything before she buys it, and then he gives her the money for it,' explained the butcher when she was gone. Some of the women looked indignant.

'I'd show him!' said one.

'He's the meanest fellow in town,' continued the butcher, 'and keeps his wife like a dog on a chain.'

'I remember,' put in one woman, 'the day after New Year's I met her and wished her a Happy New Year. She gave me a queer look, and said, "Don't wish me that! I've got nothing to be happy about." Then she walked away, and don't you know, she gave me the blues. There's something about her—'

'Poor thing!' sympathized Miss Delaney. 'Some-one ought to make friends with her and cheer her up a little.' The woman who lived next door threw up her hands.

'Don't you ever attempt it! She repels everyone; I went over there one day to ask for the loan of her rake. She opened the door only a tiny crack. "It's broke!" she said, and slammed the door shut again.'

'She's like that to everybody,' said the lady who lived on the other side.

'Ah!' said Miss Delaney pityingly. 'She must be very unhappy to act like that.'

'Oh,' suddenly cried a new arrival, 'did you know that Mrs. Murray's boy is dead?'

'No! No! Is that so?' cried all in chorus.

'Yes; he died last night. They say she is taking on so, the doctor fears for her reason.' Pity and fear for the woman entered into the heart of Miss Delaney, and, as she ordered her frugal supply of meat, her mind was busy seeking out a way to help both of them. Hastening out of the store, she made her plans for the day. Coming toward the home of Mrs. Bagley, the woman with 'the meanest husband,' she noticed the crocheted curtains at the front windows, the only finery the dingy, neglected house could boast. At the same time, she noticed Mrs. Bagley herself coming out of the gate. She was counting some coins in her hand, and on her brow was a fixed, melancholy frown. A sudden, bright idea leaped into Miss Delaney's brain.

'Oh Mrs. Bagley!' she cried, taking the woman's horny hand in both her own, 'How can you find time to do such lovely crochet work? I declare, I'm real envious of those front curtains of yours!' Mrs. Bagley, unable to escape, allowed her gloomy expression to melt into a grudging smile, which seemed rusty from long disuse.

'Oh, I crocheted them five years ago. I used to do lots of such work, but I don't any more. 'Pears like I can just about drag myself around to clean up a bit and that's all.' Miss Delaney knew from experience

how the leaden weights of unhappiness drag one down, body and soul, but she knew also how to battle against them, for, had she not come out the victor again and again?

'Well, I was just wondering,' she continued, 'have you a sample that I could copy from? I need some new curtains myself, and was looking for something different in the way of a design. Really, yours is the prettiest I've seen for many a day!' Mrs. Bagley was touched with this unaccustomed praise, and smiled again with her tired eyes.

'No; I'm sorry, but I haven't a sample.'

'Well then, perhaps you could come over some afternoon and begin it for me? When could you come?' Mrs. Bagley looked uneasily toward her home, and Miss Delaney felt sure she saw a man's form peeping from behind the curtains.

'I don't know—' said the woman uncertainly, and Miss Delaney saw that she was in haste to be off.

'Well, come the first afternoon you have a chance. I'll bake a nice, fresh cake, and we'll have tea, and spend a cozy hour or two together.'

'I'll try.'

'Good-bye.' And she was gone. Miss Delaney's heart beat high with delight that she had thus been able to force an opening, though the result was as yet doubtful. Heretofore the poor woman had presented to all a gloomy, unapproachable front, so that everyone left her severely alone. Well, it was a beginning, anyway, thought Miss Delaney. Then her thoughts turned to Mrs. Murray, across the way. The lady had always been kind to her, and she felt that she ought to do what she could to comfort the bereaved mother.

So, placing her basket in the house, she locked her door, crossed the street, and went around to the rear of Mrs. Murray's.

'Come in!' said a man's voice, in answer to her knock. She was led into the darkened front room, where the child lay, white and peaceful as an angel. Mrs. Murray herself was seated in a rocker with her face buried in her hands, nor did she raise her head to see who entered the room. Miss Delaney knelt to say a prayer, and then went over and touched the mother's arm. The latter looked up, white-faced and listless, nor did she nod or give any indication that she recognized her visitor. The husband was looking on anxiously, his pale face marked with lines of worry for his loved one. Miss Delaney knelt and placed her arm about Mrs. Murray.

'How did it happen, dear? Tell me about it. You know, I saw Danny at the window yesterday, and I just couldn't believe it this morning when they told me.'

Someone tapped her shoulder from behind, and when she turned, Mr. Murray beckoned to her.

'I wouldn't speak to her about it,' he cautioned. 'She's been raving like one demented, and hasn't shed a tear.'

'Then, that's precisely what she needs,' said the wise little woman. 'Let her talk about it, so the tears will come. The tears will save her.' Returning, she knelt

again, and asked the mother to relate her sad experience.

'It was that silver tube! Oh, that awful silver tube!' cried the woman, clenching her fists and shuddering. 'Oh, I can see him yet—struggling, gasping, fighting—' "Mother, I'm choking!" he cried, and I—I couldn't help him! Oh God! It was horrible!' Her eyes grew wild, and her whole body shivered like a leaf. Miss Delaney led her over to the bed, sat down beside her, and held the poor woman half reclining in her arms.

'Sh! You mustn't! Now tell me calmly—where was the silver tube?' Just as the doctor probes a wound to heal it, so Miss Delaney felt and knew that so fearlessly face one's sorrow and dissect it, as it were, was to make it less terrible.

'It was in his throat,' continued Mrs. Murray. 'Danny has been sickly from babyhood, you know, and recently the doctor placed a silver tube down his throat; he had it inside him for the last three months. Last night he coughed and it got out of place, and before the doctor could get here, he choked to death before my very eyes! "Take it out! Take it out, mother!" he shrieked, but I couldn't get at it; it was too far down. Oh God! Oh God! I'll never forget it to the last day of my life! Such torture for a tender little child!' And she began to heave deep, dry sobs.

'That's it, dear, give way. Cry it all out, and you will feel better. Danny's a little angel now, standing before God's white throne, and he's oh, so happy! All his miseries are ended forever. He's better off than we are, for we still have our troubles to go through. I know how hard it is to see them go; I too, know what it means to give up one after another, but now, after I've been through it all, I realize that God knows best.' Miss Delaney was gratified to see Mrs. Murray's lashes wet.

'You've lost someone too? Tell me; perhaps it will help me to bear my own loss better.' So Miss Delaney told her, and in the end, Mrs. Murray's head lay on her neighbor's breast, and their tears mingled.

'You've helped me so much,' said the mother at last, rising and wiping her eyes. 'The terrible lump here seems gone,' and she pointed to her breast. 'I am so glad you told me about Danny singing with the little angels around the throne. I can look at him now, with that beautiful thought in my mind. Look—doesn't it seem as though he is smiling? No, little Pet, mother wouldn't wish you back again. You are with God, and oh, what wonderful things your innocent eyes must be seeing now! Oh, pray for your poor mother, Danny, pray for her!'

And she sank to her knees and spent some time in silent, tear-dewed prayer. Meanwhile, Miss Delaney had stolen away, taken off her wraps, and begun setting the house to rights, washing the dishes, mopping the floor, dusting, etc. Mr. Murray she sent to comfort his wife.

'Go to her,' she said. 'She needs you, and you can do more for her than anyone else.'

When the funeral was over, Miss Delaney took Mrs. Murray over to her own home for several days, letting her return only at night, when her husband came home. They talked, ate, and sewed together, and Mr. Murray's supper was cooked at Miss Delaney's home, and then carried over in the evening.

Then, one day, Miss Delaney mentioned Mrs. Bagley, and wondered why she never redeemed her promise of coming over some afternoon.

'The poor thing!' said Mrs. Murray. 'Let's go over right now and get her! I'm sure she'd enjoy some of these fresh biscuits you've just made!'

'That's a good idea,' agreed Miss Delaney. So they went over, and knocked on the door. At first no one answered. But they persevered, and soon they heard a shuffling of feet in loose slippers. The door opened a crack, and a man's face peered through.

'Is Mrs. Bagley in?' they queried.

'Oh yes, she's in—in bed. Said she's sick, but plumb laziness, I calls it.'

'Ah, that's too bad. Mayn't we see her?' The fellow shuffled, sniffed, and looked uncertainly back into the room, growling a little to himself.

'Wall, I dunno's she'd be crazy to have yer see her upset house. But she was that queer this mornin'. Wouldn't talk, and wouldn't get out of bed neither. Dunno what's got her.' The two ladies pushed their way in without waiting for any further invitation, feeling like two flies entering a spider's parlor. The house was indeed untidy, but they closed their eyes to all this, feeling that much was to be excused.

'Oh Mrs. Bagley, we're so sorry to see you're sick!' said Miss Delaney.

'Huh?' said the woman in surprise, as she turned from the wall toward them. Miss Delaney wondered if her sickness were not more of soul than of body.

'I wanted you to come over and spend the afternoon with us. Mrs. Murray here wants you to show her some pattern in crocheting, seeing you're so good at it. And I haven't forgotten your promise to come and show me that curtain pattern.' Mrs. Bagley sat up and blinked her eyes a little, as if unable to believe that she were awake. Her graying hair hung in wisps about her thin, narrow shoulders, and her eyes looked hollow and sunken.

'You must excuse the appearance of the place, but I was that sick of everything, I didn't care if I died on the spot!' And she sat with bowed head and shoulders, and despondent eyes fastened upon the floor. Instantly, the women were all pity.

'Ah, now, surely you don't mean that,' soothed Miss Delaney, seating herself on the bed and placing her arm about the bent form. Mrs. Murray took one of the bony, work-deformed hands in her own soft, warm ones.

'You really must come with us and spend the afternoon,' she said.

'He won't let me,' listlessly replied Mrs. Bagley. Miss Delaney compressed her lips.

'Well, I'll talk to him. I'm not afraid of him!' And

with a little toss of her head, she arose and went into the kitchen, where the fellow was seated, smoking and twirling his thumbs.

'Mr. Bagley, your wife's sick, and we're going to carry her off for the afternoon.' He pulled in his sprawled legs, shuffled again, and grunted.

'Hm! 'Pears to me she's plenty to keep her busy in this dirty house without gallivantin 'around none. Looks like a cyclone struck it!'

'Well, look here! If you don't let her go out sometimes, she's going to die on you, and then you won't have anything!' He looked about in his uneasy, shifty manner, and grumbled something about 'not being much good nohow,' but Miss Delaney caught it, and replied.

'You see, a woman's got to have a little playtime too. You can't cage her up like an animal, and then expect her to do her best work. She's bound to run down, just like a clock. A clock needs winding every now and then, and so does a woman. A little enjoyment makes her work better.' Again he grumbled, this time something about 'folks mindin' their own business,' but Miss Delaney ignored it, and with a little defiant pout, walked out of the kitchen.

'Come on; get your things on. He won't say anything,' she told Mrs. Bagley. She might have added that she had taken mental measure of the little man in the kitchen, and found that he was made up of nine-tenths coward. Instantly the woman's languor began to fall off like mist in the sun.

'Here; let me lace your shoes for you,' said Miss Delaney.

'And I'll comb out your hair,' said Mrs. Murray. Before long, they had her ready, and then the three of them moved into the kitchen, Mrs. Bagley a bit dubiously.

'Wall, ef you're goin', don't expect me to clean up any of this trash around here,' warned her husband.

'Oh, we'll come back tomorrow and help her clean it all up. She's been working too hard, and she needs a rest!' cried Miss Delaney, with more spirit than one would give her mild little person credit for.

'Come to think of it, ye might jest as well stay for supper while yer at it, and save the price of a meal!' he called out after them.

'Stingy thing!' muttered Miss Delaney under her breath. But Mrs. Bagley divined what she said.

'He's real good to me when I keep up my work,' she defended. 'He hates disorder, but lately, I just couldn't keep up the three washings I take in, and do the housework too. I felt so draggy like.' The other two women's eyes met in a significant glance. Mentally, Miss Delaney was thinking, 'You poor thing! You don't know what it is to be treated well.' Aloud, she said,

'That's because you need a little recreation.'

'I don't think you take much recreation, Miss Delaney,' said Mrs. Murray with a smile.

'Oh I—' and the little old maid laughed. 'Wait till I show you what I do for recreation.'

They entered her house, and immediately she put on the coffee pot, and commenced setting the table.

'Now,' she said to Mrs. Bagley. 'You sit right down in this easy chair and don't you lift a finger this afternoon. You're going to take a rest.'

'If you'll give me some thread, I'll start that pattern—' began the woman.

'No sir; you don't! You're going to take it easy today; there will be plenty more Thursday afternoons to make patterns in!' Mrs. Bagley sighed, and with a tired smile, gratefully leaned back upon the soft headrest.

'You promised to show us what you do for recreation,' reminded Mrs. Murray, as they sat about the table, enjoying the simple but appetizing lunch. Miss Delaney could smile charmingly, and it improved her looks wonderfully.

'Oh yes; see this pile of waists?' and she opened a cupboard. 'I sew them for St. Joseph's Orphanage boys. They are unable to pay to have the work done, you know, but it gives me the keenest pleasure to make them—all the recreation I need.' This time Mrs. Murray and Mrs. Bagley exchanged glances.

'And who is that old lady I see you bringing here every now and then? Is she a relative of yours?'

'Oh no; she lives up at the Little Sisters of the Poor. Sister Agnese told me she had no one in the world, and as the other old folks often go away on little trips to relatives or friends, it sometimes made her very sad because she had nowhere to go. So I bring her home with me every other week or so, and it would do your heart good to see how happy she is to be here!' Again the other two women's eyes met.

'Say! Couldn't I help with those waists sometime?' asked Mrs. Bagley abruptly.

'To be sure; after you feel better again,' replied Miss Delaney.

'And I am a first-rate buttonhole maker, if I do say it myself,' put in Mrs. Murray.

'Good! I am glad to have you as helpers.'

'And I'd love to meet the dear old lady from the Little Sisters' Home,' continued Mrs. Murray.

'Well, I'll arrange to have her here next Thursday, if you'll both promise to come.'

'I'll come if Pete lets me,' said Mrs. Bagley candidly.

'I'll come over and talk for you,' promised Miss Delaney.

And thus began Miss Delaney's Charity Sewing Circle, and folks wondered how it was that two non-Catholics happened to belong to it.

Famous Women---Martha Washington

In these days of bridge parties, fireless cookers, vacuum cleaners, and such-like labor-saving devices, it might be a tonic for those of us who would like to flee the more irksome duties of housekeeping, to look into Martha Washington's workroom at Mount Vernon,

the apartment in which the first lady of the land used to spend her mornings at work, surrounded by busy servants. Every great house in Virginia had such a room in olden times, and ladies prided themselves upon the excellence of the household arts practiced therein.

It was a plain, good-sized apartment, arranged and furnished with a view to facilitating work. At one end there was a large table for cutting out garments. At that time, every garment worn by the slaves had to be cut out and sewed, either by the ladies of the mansion house themselves, or under their superintendence. And everything was done by hand; no electric sewing machines to run up the seams like lightning, or electric irons to save steps in pressing them flat. There were a great many household servants at Mount Vernon, besides grooms, gardeners, fishermen and others, for whom the lady of the house had to think and contrive.

At one end of the table was a skilful negro woman, cutting, cutting, cutting, almost all day and every day, the countless trousers, dresses, jackets and shirts, needed by a family of, perhaps, a hundred persons. Everything worn by the General or herself, except their best outside garments, which were imported from London, was made in that room, under the eye of the lady of the house. All the commoner fabrics, too, were home-made. There sits a young colored woman, spinning yarn; near her is her mother, knitting; elsewhere, there is a woman doing some of the finer ironing; here is a woman winding; there, a little colored girl learning to sew. In the midst of all this industry sat Mrs. Washington, ready to solve difficulties as they arose, and prompt to set right any operation that might be going wrong. She was always knitting. From morning till dinner time—which was two o'clock—her knitting was seldom out of her hands. In this workroom she usually received the ladies of her familiar acquaintance, but she never laid aside her knitting. Whenever there was a pause in the conversation, the click of her needles was heard. At that time there were no factories turning out dozens upon dozens of socks, stockings, and gloves, with wonderful machinery, in the flick of an eyelash. No; these things had all to be made by hand. No wonder then, that the needles were never out of her hands! Think of the endless knitted articles by such a large household, and being worn out almost as fast as they could be made!

Mrs. Washington used to speak of the eight years spent at the seat of Government, while her husband was President, as 'my lost days,' since her time was occupied with teas, receptions, and other formal affairs which the First Lady of the Land is supposed to grace. But immediately after the second term expired, she returned to her former manner of life, and was never so happy and satisfied, as when she was back again in her workroom, with her servants about her, knitting and giving directions. The chief labor of the mistress of a house, in those days, was the training of her servants. Ladies did not then regard a house, with all its complicated business and apparatus, as a great

clock, which, being wound up after breakfast, would run twenty-four hours without further attention. Being proficient in all the arts of housekeeping themselves, however high their rank, they knew that a good servant is not born, but made, and were willing to take a world of trouble in forming a servant, in order that, by and by, they might enjoy the satisfaction of skillful service.

Household Hints

When tins come off of shoe strings, dip in glue and twist into a point, letting them dry that way.

Old stockings cut into strips make excellent edgings for small rugs or foot mats.

Two handfuls of salt in the pot of cooked starch will insure smooth irons and prevent sticking.

When elastic is needed for some purpose, and you find you have only a short piece on hand, piece with tape to the desired length, and it will answer as well.

After boiling potatoes in their skins, plunge in cold water for a few minutes, and skins will slide off easily.

Rubber stair pads save a lot of hard scrubbing if placed on the front rock steps. They can also be placed on marble sinks to prevent dishes from slipping, and one placed over the sink drain will permit the sink to fill if a bit of emergency washing has to be done.

Have you ever tried emptying your tubs with a hose by the vacuum method? Hold one end of the hose to the hydrant, and place the other in the tub full of water; turn on the water full force for a minute, then suddenly shut off and drop the end to the floor. The vacuum created will draw all the water from the tub out through the hose.

Hair nets will last indefinitely if repaired with hair combs. The torn mesh can be tied together, and the repaired spot be perfectly invisible.

House Plants From Seeds

Raising house plants from seed is a most fascinating work, and it is also the most economical way of obtaining a number of choice plants, as a packet of seeds may be purchased for the price of a single plant, or less.

Mixed seeds are good, because they give a variety, no two plants being alike in bloom, and, what is most important, seedlings always bloom, while plants from cuttings are often stubborn in this respect, and sometimes refuse to bloom at all, owing probably to the check received at propagation. The seedling, meeting with no check, blossoms in the natural course, and it has the advantage of growing from the start with the same atmospheric conditions, while those cut from outside plants, or taken from the greenhouse, must first accustom themselves to the dryer, more uneven temperature of the living room.

Never buy cheap seed for house plants. Unless some particular color or marking is desired, it is better to purchase the mixed seed—selecting always the finest,

or 'extra choice mixed,' which will also be the highest priced, and bring the best results.

Fill the fernery or indoor window box with good loam, that is, a mixture of black dirt and sand, with a proportion of such decayed vegetable matter as leaves and the fibrous roots of grasses. The brown clay is rarely good for growing, except for roses, which require this sort of soil.

For pansies, nothing better than leaf mould from the woods can be procured. Leaf mould consists of vegetable matter which has decayed without being submerged, and is usually found around decayed stumps, and in hollow places of the woods, where the leaves have drifted and decayed. This should be mixed in heavy proportion with the earth in which the pansy seeds are to be planted, and a fine, healthy bloom will be the result.

Cyperus, or Umbrella Plant, is a favorite with many people, and while it grows well from cuttings, it may also be raised successfully from seed. After the seeds are sown, keep warm, and in about ten days the young shoots will appear. Keep shoots well watered, and when about four or five inches high, keep water standing in the saucer beneath pot all the time. This plant cannot have too much water, since it is semiaquatic, and if abundant moisture is lacking, the leaf tips will quickly turn brown. They should be moved to larger pots as the latter fill with roots, and given plenty of room to expand.

Geraniums are the old stand-by, and petunias are good, and hardy too, and if properly tended, will fill the window with bloom from November till May. Avoid, as far as possible, a sudden change of temperature in the room, as a sudden chill will greatly injure the plants, though they may not be actually frozen. If the temperature gives promise of falling during the night to freezing point or lower, the plants should be protected by several thicknesses of newspaper between them and the window. If a plant should unfortunately have been frozen, thaw it out very gradually; darken the room, and keep the temperature low, raising it little by little.

Plants coming into bloom will require some fertilizer, and as there are objections to using manure water in the house, the following formula will be found very satisfactory: Get at the druggist's 1½ oz. nitrate of soda, ½ oz. phosphate of soda, 1 oz. sulphate of potash. Mix and pulverize the material thoroughly, then use one tablespoon to a gallon of hot water, allowing same to cool before using. Apply one teacup full to small pots, and more, in proportion, to larger ones. This should not be applied oftener than once in two weeks, and should not touch the foliage.

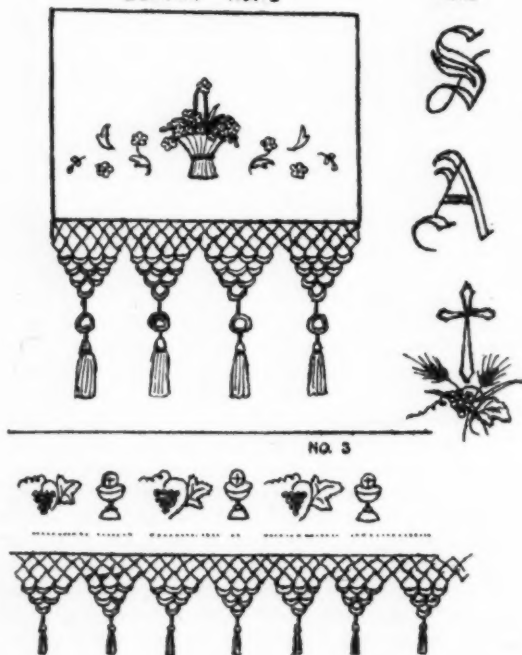
Sometimes insects will attack house plants. These must be carefully watched, and while a paris green and water solution is one of the most effective insecticides, yet, there are obvious objections to its use, especially where there are children. In most cases, a mild soap and water solution, or tobacco and water, poured on

daily until the pests are exterminated, will give the best satisfaction.

Table Runner and Altar Cloth

DESIGN NO. 1

NO. 2



The above table runner design was made up very effectively on plain grey towelling, crocheted in No. 10 ecru O. N. T. thread. The first three rows are three-ple chain stitch, joined together to form little squares. The scallops are nothing more than chain stitch covered with buttonhole crochet, making one less on each row, until they taper down to one. To this is attached a brass ring covered with buttonhole crochet, to which is appended the tassel. Tassels can be bought, or made by winding the thread about cardboard, until of the desired thickness, cutting, and binding very tightly with a thread near the top. This also makes a very dignified design for altar cloth. The cloth may be embroidered with altar symbols, while the runner may have initial in Old English, or floral design. Pattern for altar symbols, floral design or initials may be had by writing the "Grail Pattern Service," 3417 Virginia Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., enclosing stamps or coin—all patterns 15¢, initials 2¢ each; state size, 3 or 4-inch.

Recipes

BEEF LUNG WITH HEART, VIENNA STYLE: Take one lung with heart, cut into large slices and boil in salt water to which a small bag of whole spices has been added, until tender. When soft, take out and chop fine,

then return to liquor in which it has been boiled, adding half a cup of vinegar, one half minced onion, and two or three teaspoons of sugar, (according to taste). Now take four tablespoons of flour and brown in butter or lard, adding water to make a thick sauce. Pour this over the meat and stir thoroughly. Then leave to simmer over a slow fire for about a half hour, when it is ready to serve.

EXCELLENT AND ECONOMICAL LEMON PIE FILLING: Beat two eggs, separating yolks from whites, and putting whites aside in a cold place. When frothy, add two-thirds cup of water and one cup of sugar, beating up thoroughly. Grate the rind of one lemon into the mixture, and add the juice; lastly, beat in three tablespoons of flour or corn starch. If the flavor of corn starch is not liked, flour will do very well. Line pie pan with paste and dry a moment in the oven. Then fill and return to oven. Place bowl under cold running water or in refrigerator for a few moments, as it is essential to have both egg whites and bowl ice cold to insure a perfect meringue. A pinch of salt will help to froth it quicker, and a tablespoon of water added for each egg used, will double the bulk.

Tryst

ANNE BOZEMAN LYON

Spring is here, and I would say
To those who dwell in loneliness,
"Beyond the careless town
Are pinewoods with budding cones,
Like candles waiting to be lit;
And at your door
Wistaria bursting into bloom;
Azaleas, variant and sweet;
Roses eager to be plucked;
The turquoise
Of for-get-me-nots,
In strands along clear streams,
Where pink flowers grow
Beside soft, bending ferns;
That winds are keen and high—
God's goodness ready
To keep tryst
With dreary souls."

God's Bounty

ELIZABETH VOSS.

I like the Spring, her charming lure
Her beauties free to man transmit;
I like the Summer's sunlight kiss,
The heart of me is in it;
I like sage Autumn's shading light,
My soul her songs submit;
I like crisp Winter's bracing air,
My body feels his grit:
O God's great bounty, love, and care
Made seasons creatures' benefit.

ADVERTISEMENTS

FOR CHILDREN WHO ARE UNDERWEIGHT

Children who are below normal weight are often weak and inactive. They contract colds and sickness easily for they have no resisting power.

Give them Father John's Medicine and then notice the change in their condition. They will gain in health and strength and will start to put on flesh. Thousands of mothers rely on this old-fashioned food tonic.

Father John's Medicine is prepared by a scientific process and the purest cod liver oil with other valuable ingredients in such a way as to make it wholesome and palatable. For over 68 years Father John's Medicine has been a standard body building tonic for all the



OVER SIXTY-EIGHT YEARS OF SUCCESS

Any druggist can get Father John's Medicine for you if you do not have it in stock, or we will send a large size by express prepaid if you send your order with \$1.00 to Father John's Medicine, Lowell, Mass.



FREE This beautiful Devotional Wall Plaque, size 9x7, Inspirational Emblem of Faith, Hope and Charity. First time ever advertised. Only one given absolutely FREE in each locality. Strictly Introductory Offer. Nothing Else Like It. Be quick to mail post-card today for this amazing free offer. **DEVOTIONAL ART ASSN.** 443 South Dearborn Street Dept. 212, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

SEND NO MONEY.

The Crown of Life

By THE REV. HENRY BRENNER, O. S. B.

A religious Poem on Convent Life — A timely brochure written with a purpose — Describes the calling and happy career of a Sister.

50 pages

Single Copies 15 Cents

Alive new story of a boy who made good in his own home town.

The Boy Who Looked Ahead

By JOHN TALBOT SMITH

The boys of Fallville, whose adventures are so graphically told in this story, were lucky to live in a town which gave boys a chance, with good swimming holes, baseball grounds, far-off woods, and the genuine Erie canal running through it.

And Eddie led the way, the right sort of a boy, with good sense and sport and pep in his system to such an extent that he could not help becoming someone.

Price \$1.00

Postage 10¢ extra

DEAFNESS OVERCOME IN EIGHT DAYS

The terrible affliction of deafness and the nerve racking misery of head-noises need be suffered no longer since the announcement of a remarkable new treatment. Now it is possible for some of the most obstinate cases of deafness to be relieved quickly by the application of a prescription formerly known as Rattle-Snake Oil. This treatment, now distributed under the name of K-17, is meeting with wide success all over the country.

J. B. Sisson, an Alabama resident, says, "Started your treatment Oct. 1st. On the 9th I could hear speaking across the room distinctly. Head-noises and pains in neck have stopped. I can hear wind blowing for first time in seven years."

K-17, is easily used at home and seems to work almost like magic in its rapidity, on people of all ages. Cases of over 22 years' standing have been cured in a week's time.

So confident are we that K-17 will cure you, that we offer to send a large \$2 treatment for only \$1 on 10 days' free trial. If the results are not satisfactory, it costs you nothing.

Send no money—just your name and address to the Greene Laboratories, 524 Greene Bldg., Kansas City, Kansas, and the treatment will be mailed at once. Use it according to the simple directions. If at the end of 10 days your hearing is not relieved, your head noises gone entirely, just send it back and your money will be refunded without question. This offer is fully guaranteed, so write today and give this wonderful compound a trial.

Ouch! Aching Joints, Rub Rheumatic Pain

Rheumatism is "pain" only.

Not one case in fifty requires internal treatment. Stop drugging! Rub soothing, penetrating "St. Jacobs Oil" right into your sore, stiff, aching joints, and relief comes instantly. "St. Jacobs Oil" is a harmless rheumatism liniment which never disappoints and cannot burn the skin.



Limber up! Quit complaining! Get a small trial bottle of old, honest "St. Jacobs Oil" at any drug store, and in just a moment you'll be free from rheumatic pain, soreness and stiffness. Don't suffer! Relief awaits you. "St. Jacobs Oil" is just as good for sciatica, neuralgia, lumbago, backache, sprains.



GOFFINE'S DEVOUT INSTRUCTIONS

On the Epistles and Gospels

Illustrated Edition
With Preface by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons
8vo, cloth, net, \$1.75; postage, 25 cents extra

THE BEST AND MOST COMPLETE EDITION AS WELL AS THE CHEAPEST.

HIGHLY APPROVED,
With 140 illustrations, 704 pages
Why this book should be in the hands of every family

Because it explains in simple language the Life and Teachings of Christ, and the Dogmas and Doctrines of the Church.

Because it explains the Duties of our State of Life.
Because it contains Home Devotions for those who are prevented from hearing Mass.

Because it is a complete Meditation and Prayer-Book.

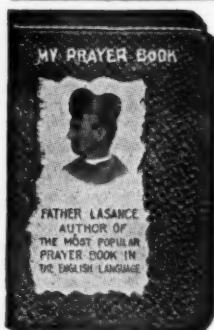


By Rev. M. J. CORCORAN, O.S.A.

12mo, cloth, illustrated, net, \$1.50
Postpaid, \$1.60

If you want to know why St. Rita is called THE SAINT OF THE IMPOSSIBLE read this stirring narrative. Picturing for you in most charming manner the girlhood of the holy maiden and the seemingly unbearable trials following her marriage, at her parents' wishes, to a brilliant man, who cruelly mistreated her and who was found murdered in a lonely mountain path, it tells you of her great merits before God and the wonderful favors and miracles she secured for her devout clients.

The Most Popular Prayerbook in English



My Prayer Book

HAPPINESS IN GOODNESS

Reflections, Counsels, Prayers and Devotions. With Marriage Mass.

By Rev. F. X. LASANCE

702 pages, size, 5 7/8 x 3 3/4 inches

It is indeed a prayer-book that is "different." It takes prayer and meditation into the bracing air and sweet sunshine of God.

BINDINGS — Imitation leather, limp, \$1.85; real leather, gold edges, \$3.00.

Send postpaid on receipt of price



By Rev. Joseph P. Conroy, S.J.

12mo, cloth, net, \$1.75
Postpaid, \$1.90

"A Milltown Pastor" moves fast. It has to in order to keep up with Dan Coffey. From the moment Dan appears upon the scene until the end there is action, vivid, witty, original—a character one has been wishing to meet for a long while and at last finds and seizes upon with a sense of possession.

BEST BOOKS

FOR SALE BY

THE ABBEY PRESS

ST. MEINRAD, IND.

Note: Please make all checks, drafts, or money orders payable to The Abbey Press. If remittance does not accompany order, book will be sent C.O.D., which is higher than the post-age prepaid price.



As the Sunflower turns to the Sun,
Our minds should look towards the Truth



THE C READY

By REV.

will enable Cath impart the truth whenever the occ. The right answer has converted many

Among the up-t treated are:

Apes and Men
Boycotts
Bible Myths
Bible Reading
Celibacy of Priests
Cremation
Christ, Divinity of
Creation, The
Chastity
"Christian Science"
Confession
Divorce
Darwinism
Existence of God
Eve and the Serpent
Evolution
Eugenics
Free Love
Free Masonry
Galileo
Hell
Indulgences

Inf. Labor
Luther
Miracles
Mixed M.
Morality of
Heroes
Religion and Morality
Science and the Bible
Secret Societies
Socialism
Spiritism
Strikes
Superstition
Tradition and the Bible
Trinity, The Blessed
Unions
Wages, Iron Law of
Western Schism, The
Workingman's Condi-
tion
Etc., etc.

A BOOK RECOMMENDED TO ALL
3vo, cloth, 490 pages, Net: \$2.00

Sent postage paid on receipt of \$2.00



Talks TO Nurses

By Rev. Henry S. Spalding, S.J.

12mo, cloth, net, \$1.50
Postpaid, \$1.60

The first book written for nurses explaining the Catholic interpretation of ethical questions. Nurses will find this book of the greatest help, and members of Catholic Sisterhoods, directing hospitals and training-schools, and physicians will find an answer for every moral question connected with medicine.

Books You Will Want to Read

These books were chosen from hundreds of books as representative of not only what a Catholic should read, but what he would actually desire to read and enjoy reading

BROKEN PATHS By Grace Keon. The story of an attempt to force a sweet, convent bred girl into an unwelcome marriage in order to gain social recognition for her family. \$1.50.

CHARRED WOOD By Myles Muredach (Msgr. Kelley). Contains the story of a murder, a detective, an abduction, a train wreck, a suspected priest and diplomatic intrigues. 75¢.

THE PARABLE BOOK—Our Divine Lord's own stories retold for you by little children in the words of Holy Scripture. The most beautiful and complete Catholic children's book ever produced. Each bok enclosed in beautiful gift box. \$2.00.

CATHOLIC BIBLE STORIES By J. V. D. Brownson. Includes Catholic bible stories from both the Old and New Testament, told in an interesting way so that any child will understand and enjoy them. \$1.50.

LETTERS TO JACK By Msgr. Kelley. Monsignor Kelley gives good advice to young men in such a way that it reads like letters from his best chum. Every young man should read this book. 254 pages. \$1.50.

CITY AND THE WORLD By Msgr. Kelley. Contains 14 Catholic short stories interestingly told; as good as any fiction found in any of the secular publications. 155 pa. \$1.50.

TESTIMONY TO THE TRUTH By Rev. Hugh P. Smyth. Father Smyth gives to the people explanations of the most important subjects concerning Catholic belief in a simple popular style. \$1.50.

CATHOLIC DICTIONARY AND CYCLOPEDIA By Rt. Rev. Jas. J. McGovern, D. D. Gives information that every Catholic should know in a language that any body can understand. \$1.25.

THE REFORMATION By Rev. Hugh P. Smyth. A history of the Reformation in all countries. He quotes continually from Protestant authorities and proves that the Reformation was not a Reformation but a devastation. \$1.50.

TRAVELING LIGHT, or CYCLING EUROPE ON FIFTY-CENTS A DAY By Maximilian J. St. George. The interesting adventures of an American University Student who travelled 16,300 miles through Europe on a bicycle for 50 cents a day. \$2.00.

By purchasing your Books from the Benedictine Fathers you are helping to extend and maintain your religion, as all the profits from sales of books are devoted to the support of poor students preparing for the Holy Priesthood.

BENEDICTINE FATHERS, St. Meinrad, Indiana.

Enclosed find \$..... for which send me the following books.

.....
.....
.....

Name

Address

Town and State

BENEDICTINE FATHERS

Book Department

St. Meinrad, Ind.



PUSH THE CLOCK WATCH YOUR STATE

BUILD A HOME FOR "THE GRAIL"

In vain you will build churches, give missions, found schools — all efforts will be futile if you are not able to wield the defensive and offensive weapon of a loyal and sincere Catholic Press. Pius X.

A Catholic paper in a parish is a perpetual Mission. Leo XIII.

Donations last month
\$39.70



In i
zation
branch
and
literate
is in
religion
modern
telligence
to spread
check and
which is 1
moral. Bi
trand.

Donations thi
\$42.95.

Total Donations Received: \$2393.53.

Idaho	Arizona 1.00	California 81.44	Connecticut 22.50	Delaware	Maryland 22.50	Maine
Washington 3.50	Nevada	District of Col. 11.00	New Hamps.	New Jersey 56.45	New York 255.35	
	Pennsylvania 98.00	Rhode Island 13.75	Virginia 1.00	West Virginia	Vermont 2.00	
Colorado	Kansas 23.50	Montana 4.50	Nebraska 12.00	North Dakota 1.00	South Dakota 1.00	
Utah	Wyoming	Alabama	Arkansas	Florida 6.50	Georgia 2.00	Texas 2.00
Louisiana 10.70	N. Carolina	S. Carolina	New Mexico	Tennessee 1.00	Mississippi	
Ohio 136.40	Illinois 84.50	Indiana 1146.86	Kentucky 54.20	Michigan 69.50	Missouri 76.95	Iowa 16.00
Minnesota 16.80	Wisconsin 112.88	Massachusetts 44.25	Oregon	Oklahoma	Canada 2.50	

To continue the work of publishing THE GRAIL it has become absolutely necessary to provide a new and properly arranged building. Since the proceeds of our printing office are devoted to the support of poor students preparing for the Holy Priesthood we do not feel justified in appropriating any of this money for building purposes. We, therefore, offer our friends and benefactors the unique opportunity of erecting a Catholic Printing Office—a monument to Religion and Truth, a battlement of defense against falsehood and error. All contributions will be gratefully acknowledged and a little token of appreciation sent to each donor. Address

BENEDICTINE FATHERS

Building Fund

St. Meinrad, Ind.

